The Outlook

Volume 137 August 27, 1924 Number 17

Germany Profits at Last

DUE to gradually improving conditions, and especially to the German acceptance of the Dawes Plan, a financial revival has begun in Germany for which investors have been waiting a decade.

There is an echo of this revival in America. Despite the influence of expected new issues, the German Imperial Government 5 per cent War Loan Bonds have risen in this market, so it is reported, from $5 per million-mark denomination—the low-water mark a year ago—to no less than $1,600 a million bid, and the Prussian 3½ per cent pre-war consols from $400 a million (three months ago) to no less than $4,000 a million. As to municipal securities, we find that Berlin 4 per cent pre-war bonds, for instance, have risen from $500 a million marks in November, 1923, to no less than $11,500 per million marks now. Prime contributory causes for the activity in certain German securities was the recent tardy decision of the German Supreme Court that they could not be paid off in depreciated marks and the subsequent legislation revaluing them.

Specially heavy transactions, it appears, are in German municipal securities because of the peculiar asset value behind them. Many cities in Germany, as in the rest of Europe, own their municipal utilities; they have large forest reserves and, in the case of seaport towns, piers and warehouses are municipally owned.

The buyers of German securities in America are, as a rule, people with German names and their transactions are in terms of dollars, not marks. In Germany such transactions are no longer in the old paper marks, but securities are quoted in percentages of the rentenmark, which has the value of the old mark—that is to say, slightly under a quarter of a dollar.

The Spanish Uncertainty

"MOROCCO will be to Alfonso XIII what Sedan was to Napoleon III," writes Miguel de Unamuno, the Spanish scholar and thinker, who recently escaped from the exile to which he was sent by the Spanish Dictator, Primo de Rivera. The basis for this statement is that the Moroccan campaign has discredited Rivera, both as soldier and statesman, and that the King is discredited along with the Dictator.

Certainly the military situation in Morocco is again to the fore. Many friends of Spain are wishing that she did not possess her ten thousand square miles in Morocco and could save the lives and money spent there for service in the Peninsula.

In Morocco there are three Spanish military air commands—namely, at Melilla, Ceuta, and Larache, on the Mediterranean coast. In addition, native battalions of infantry and cavalry have been raised and a mixed company (horse and foot) performs the duties of a military police. For some years there have been over sixty thousand Spanish soldiers in Africa, this force being necessary to resist the periodic attacks by native tribesmen.

For centuries the tribesmen have resisted the presence of Spaniards on Moroccan soil. The Spaniards have endeavored to get them to submit through political action, as have the French, but it has been difficult to manage unruly Moroccans by any other means than force. During the past few days insurgents have attacked more or less isolated positions, and it has been necessary to reinforce the Spanish troops without weakening the strength of those already in the country. The situation is critical and quite spoils the good effect of the recent withdrawal of several thousand men from Morocco and the consequent curtailment of expenses which the Dictator brought about.

The worst feature of the situation is the enmity of certain political generals, and also of office-holders at home retired by the Dictator. This may have accomplished more than has his actual reversal in Morocco.

However unpleasantly this reversal may affect Rivera's own fortunes, it would hardly seem that it should involve the monarch himself. The King's popularity has been somewhat similar to that of the Italian King, who reigns in a country likewise under the rule of a practical dictator.

While Primo de Rivera has not yet reached Mussolini's success in revivifying the state, he certainly has made a notable beginning. This is specially seen in the new local autonomy and the removal of political parasites.

The Future of the Sudan

THE trouble which recently sprang up in the Sudan and was followed by the despatch of British warships, troops, and airplanes to that vicinity was not an outbreak of native tribes such as required Great Britain in the past to wage a small but fierce war to bring the region about Khartum into order; it was rather an expression of discontent and protest among Egyptian officials and politicians caused by England's refusal to place the Sudan under the now nominally independent Egyptian rule of King Fuad. English papers say that the Egyptian Premier, Zagloul Pasha, urges British evacuation of the Sudan. Apart from verbal protests, there have been a few demonstrations and rebellious acts by some of the Egyptian railway troops at Atbara.

England has no intention whatever of giving up the control of the Sudan. When this agitation broke into acts of violence, the Prime Minister, Mr. MacDonald, made an explicit declaration to that effect. This seems to observers at a distance a little late in the day, for England's intention certainly should have been expressed at the time of the formation of the Egyptian Government. On the other hand, if it were expressed then (and we have no definite evidence one way or the other), there is very little excuse for the opposition now raised.

Since the warfare that followed the death of General Gordon and the conflict with the Mahdi the Sudan has been governed by a British military officer appointed with the approval of the Egyptian Government. Practically this enormous territory of about a million square miles has been controlled by British military power and is so con-

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trolled to-day. The British view is that the country is obviously unfitted for self-government, and that it will not remain in a safe and peaceful condition unless the present rule is continued. General Allenby, the British High Commissioner in Egypt, has been called into conference by the Labor Ministry, and a definite and positive statement on this subject will doubtless soon be issued.

A University-Labor Alliance

THE other day, so a correspondent of The Outlook, Mr. H. W. Horwill, writes, Charles P. Trevelyan, a grand-nephew of Macaulay, who is to-day the English Minister of Education, was attending the annual Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lord's. Fifty years ago, he reflected, that great company of top hats and blue favors was a gathering of the rulers of England or of the inspirers of the rulers of England. This year they were watching the game under the shadow of a Labor Cabinet. To-day, for the first time in a hundred years, the Cabinet contained not a single Etonian. But it included two Secretaries of State who had been miners and eight other members who had begun life working with their hands. "That," commented the Minister of Education, "is a very great change; it is the beginning of a new world."

The occasion on which Mr. Trevelyan divulged the reflections which then passed through his mind was the annual Conference of the Workers' Educational Association which this year is celebrating its coming of age. The success of this organization is itself one of the most notable examples of the breaking down of traditional barriers. Twenty-one years ago the universities and the trade unions were equally suspicious of one another. To-day Great Britain is covered with a network of local organizations, affiliated with the central Workers' Educational Association, in which representatives of the universities and of the trade unions are co-operating in providing for the adult workers of both sexes opportunities of mental cultivation. This movement is no highbrow attempt to dole out to the working classes, as from some social pedestal, such modicum of instruction as their betters may happen to think good for them. The impulse toward the formation of the Workers' Educational Association twenty-one years ago came from the workers themselves, and the policies and administration of the association have been democratic from the outset.

In the tutorial classes of the Workers' Educational Association groups of working men and women gather regularly for study under the guidance of university men of high academic qualifications. It is significant that the instruction most eagerly sought is not of a vocational or technical type. The classes most in favor deal with such subjects as economics, history, literature, psychology, and philosophy. Among the students attending them are miners, engineers, textile workers, masons and bricklayers, railwaymen, clerks, and telegraphists, as well as housewives. Their object in taking the courses—which involve not merely the listening to lectures but serious private study at home and the frequent writing of essays on the topics discussed in class—is not primarily to attain higher skill in their own occupation and thus secure a larger wage, but to refresh their minds and broaden their lives by some comprehension of the great world of thought and action outside their own narrow sphere.

The War on Rum Row

ONE wonders whether President Coolidge's reference to prohibition enforcement in his address of acceptance—"I intend to do my duty as best I can"—has anything to do with the announcement that real warfare against liquor smugglers apparently is about to begin. If an Irish bull may be permitted in a matter mostly Scotch, the waters off New York will be the battleground. Fighting comparatively casual will be done along all our coasts, but the war will be won or lost within a hundred miles of New York Harbor. Out beyond Staten Island stretches "Rum Row," the unlovely fleet of battered, nondescript ships whence small boats run the illicit liquors ashore, not for the metropolis only, but for numerous cities far inland.

The launching of the offensive is announced for the first of September. The United States Coast Guard will constitute the fighting force, and it will be thoroughly equipped for the work. Current reports vary as to just what the fighting equipment will be, but the legislative authority for the effort, secured at the last session of Congress on the suggestion of the President, is quite definite. An appropriation of $13,853,989 was made for procuring by transfer from the Navy Department twenty torpedo-boat destroyers and two mine sweepers, for building or purchasing 323 motor boats, reopening nineteen life-saving stations, organizing twenty-four section bases for supervising activities of vessels, the establishment of three receiving stations for training recruits, and for paying the salaries of 75 commissioned officers, 261 warrant officers, and 2,245 enlisted men. The vessels have been made ready and the men trained for the work earlier even than was expected, and Coast Guard officials are confident in the prediction that liquor smuggling will be almost completely eliminated within the next few months.

Motor boats, it is announced, will be assigned to watch every ship in "Rum Row" and every suspicious craft along the coast will be picketed. Whenever a rum runner approaches one of the vessels for a load, he will be followed back to the twelve-mile limit and, when that line is crossed, will be attacked "under tactics of actual warfare."

In an important sense, this will be the test of whether or not the United States can enforce its laws in the waters along its coasts. Many persons have long declared that liquor smuggling can never be stopped. It is certainly a fact that there is constant violation of law in the carrying by small boats of liquor from ship to shore. It seems extremely difficult, if not impossible, to check the impudently illegal traffic except by some such concerted action on a large scale as is suggested. It is not a dignified or endurable thing for any government to be flouted and defied by lawbreakers.

Friends in Arms

THE Japanese Military Mission, headed by Lieutenant-General Wada, now in the United States, has already visited practically all of the large and several of the smaller nations of Europe. The purpose of the Mission is frankly stated to be that of contact with military men who had active part in the World War. Japan, while aligned with the Allies against Germany, did not actually participate in that war in a military sense. Therefore, it is said, Japan did not learn from that war what other nations did, and, if it is to play its part in the benefit that ought to come to the world by reason of those lessons, must learn them at second-hand from Europeans and Americans who participated.

It is pointed out that Japan's need for

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This falls out better than I could devise

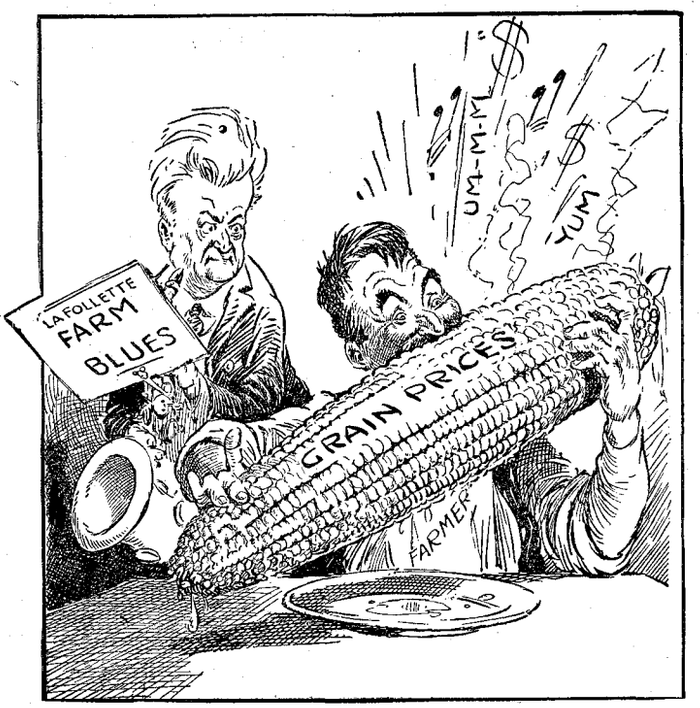
(Midsummer Night's Dream, Act III, Scene 2)

Gale in the Los Angeles Times

The bottom seems to fall out of all of 'em!

From John H. Kelman, Los Angeles, California

Orr in the Chicago Daily Tribune



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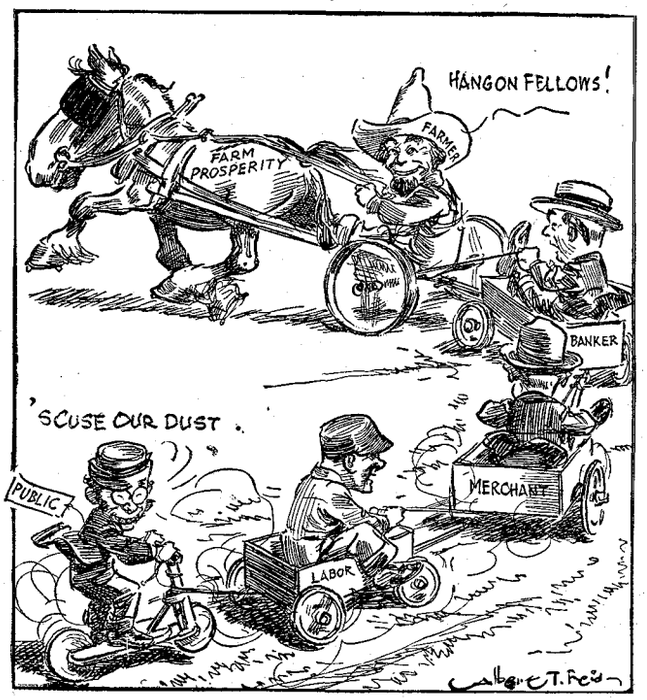
Finding it hard to harmonize with the farmer

From Alice C. Hatfield, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Reid in the Daily Kennebec Journal



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Giving 'em all a ride

From Olive A. Gould, Albion, Maine

Storm in the Traverse City (Michigan) Record-Eagle

LAST SUMMER SHE DIDN'T HAVE A SINGLE BEAU-
FARM VOTE
BUT NOW SHE'S THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN!!
WHERE WILL WE SPEND OUR HONEYMOON GIRLIE, - YOU AND I?
POLITICIAN
LA CAMPAIGN BON BONS
FARMERS VOTE
POLITICS PARTY
STORM

Trust them not, O gentle Maiden!

From Grace Sellers, Chardon, Ohio

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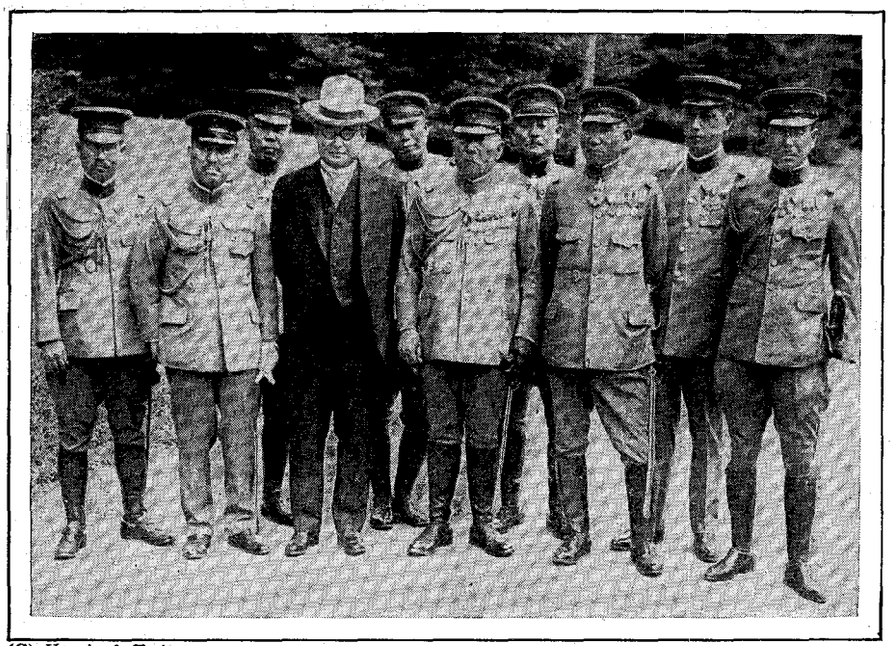

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Members of the Japanese Military Mission now in the United States in the White House gardens, following their introduction to President Coolidge by the Chargé d'Affaires of the Japanese Embassy, Isaburo Yoshida. Mr. Yoshida, front row, in civilian clothes; next to him, in the center, General Kamyi Wada, head of the Mission

an army is for very real but narrowly limited purposes. No Japanese army, it is asserted, could ever be used against America or against any nation of Europe with the single exception of Russia. Possible developments in that country might require the use of a Japanese army. Aside from that, the uses to which Japan can put an army are said to be police duty along the Manchurian Railway, in Korea, and in Formosa.

It is said also that Japan, being a member of the League of Nations and a party to the Four-Power Treaty, has experienced a letting down not alone of its military establishment but of its military spirit. The standing army now is composed of less than 200,000 men, and a further reduction is about to be made to around 175,000 men. Particularly since the earthquake, there is said to be constant pressure for reducing the military establishment to the lowest possible point. That this small establishment may have the benefit of so much as can be absorbed of what the world learned from the Great War, eight of its officers are going over the world.

Then, too, it is said that Japan is not an originator in matters of armament. Many of the essentials of an army, notably airplanes, cannot be manufactured in Japan by Japanese. Japan, it is admitted, must always depend upon other nations for much that it has to use in maintaining any sort of army. It is one of the purposes of the Mission to maintain contacts in line with those needs.

The Mission will spend about six weeks in the United States. Washington and West Point already have been visited. Our own Army, as host to the generals of Japan, is manifesting not only hospitality but a spirit of co-operation with which the visitors are greatly pleased.

Uncle Sam—Advertiser

THE Government of the United States possesses a most valuable channel of advertising which is not open to the ordinary advertiser. On one of your latest letters you probably noticed that the stamp was canceled with a die which bore the picture of an airplane and the words: "Air-Mail Saves Time." The regularity of transit and the prompt success of the transcontinental Air Mail Service has convinced the postal authorities that it should become a permanent and a growing means of mail transportation. In order, therefore, to encourage the service and to bring it to the daily attention of the people of the United States, the postman brings to the door a message about it from Uncle Sam stamped on the envelope which contains your letter.

Millions of letters went out during the spring and early summer bearing the legend, "Let's Go! Citizens' Military Training Camps." Earlier stamps had said: "Christmas Seals Stamp Out Tuberculosis," and so on. This method of advertising had been used to some slight extent before the war; but it was the world conflict which gave the great impetus, both in the United States and other countries, to the letter-legend method of getting a message—"Save Food," or whatever it happened to be—to the people of the Nation. One Canadian stamp during the war read: "Protect the Birds and Help the Crops," a helpful slogan for use any time.

After the war so great became the demand on the Post Office Department for the use of such stamps to advertise local events, such as fairs and so forth, in various parts of the country, that it became necessary to limit the use of this canceling device strictly to Governmental and National affairs and to the more important State expositions. In several instances there was criticism of the Department for permission which was granted to local postmasters to use legends which were propaganda for an apparently worthy cause but to which there was opposition by certain societies or associations. One Texas Congressman, desirous of making a big hit in his home district, visited the Post Office Department with a request that the post offices in his State for a certain period cancel their mail with a stamp which would announce that it was about time for the great "turkey trot" in the Lone Star State.

The great value of this form of advertising is in the aid it will be in facilitating and improving the general mail service of the country. The warning on envelopes, "Address Your Mail to Street and Number" or "Register or Insure Valuable Mail," is serving as a great help to the postal authorities in avoiding delays and losses of important or valuable mail, and in otherwise bettering the service. Recent letters from Spain bear the canceling legend, "La Claridad en la Dirección de los Envios facilita el Rapido Reparto" (Clearness in the direction of letters facilitates rapid delivery).

This is a field of advertising in which Uncle Sam has a monopoly; it is a valuable monopoly, and it is being used in a wise and practical manner to assist, not only the Government business, but the general business of the country.

The World Fliers Again Delayed

THE difficulties and dangers attendant on that part of the world flight between Iceland and Greenland have proved serious, but our air officers both

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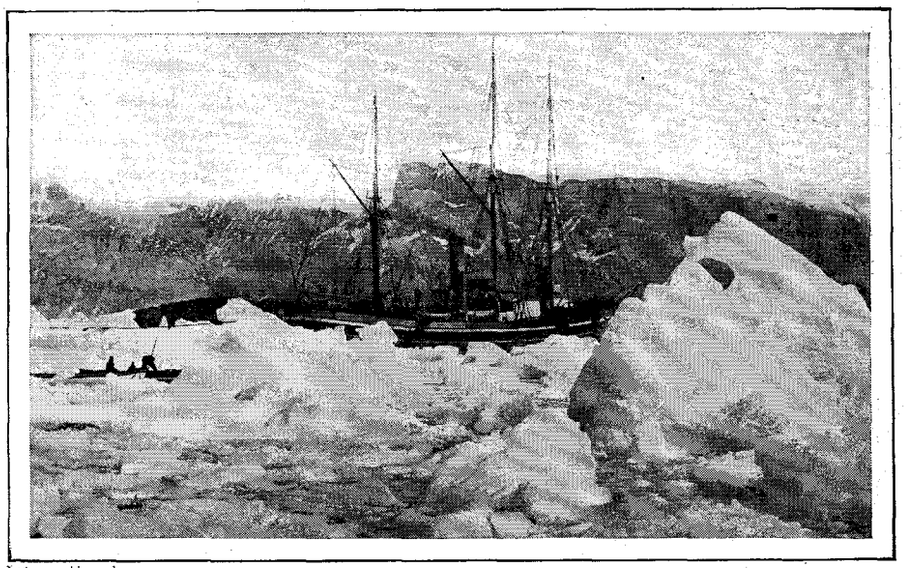


International

The supply steamer Gertrud Rask, carrying supplies for the United States world fliers, caught in the ice. The vessel finally escaped and fulfilled her mission

in Iceland and in Washington express confidence that the delay does not mean defeat.

The extreme difficulty, under present ice conditions, of landing after the flight from Reykjavik in Iceland on the eastern Greenland coast opposite seemed to increase rather than to diminish in the week ending August 19. The result was a decision to direct the flight to the southern extremity of Greenland, and the point chosen was at Fredericksdal, which is but a short way from Cape Farewell. This meant a flight of over 800 miles across the icy North Atlantic with no possibility of a stop except in the ocean, and with this in view it was even planned to attempt to make a stop on the water if emergency demanded and to refuel or repair from one of our patrol war-vessels.

An attempt to carry out the plan was made on August 18, but it failed because the planes of both Lieutenant Lowell H. Smith and Lieutenant Erik Nelson were injured when they tried to leave the water. The cause was the too heavy loading which followed the natural attempt to carry as much fuel as possible. The planes do not seem to have been injured beyond the power of the airmen's mechanics to repair on the spot, but some delay was made inevitable.

The picture printed of the Gertrud Rask, the aviators' supply ship, in the ice, printed in connection with this account, gives a vivid idea of the perils of Arctic flight.

An Italian Flier in Iceland

WHILE our American world flight aviators have been held back in Iceland because of ice and fog conditions they have been overtaken by an Italian, Lieutenant Locatelli. His intention and ambition are not to circle the globe, which of course would now be practically impossible, but his general route from Italy to Iceland has been much the same as that of the Americans. He left Marina di Pisa, a bathing resort not far from Pisa, where the Arno reaches the sea, on July 25, and reached Reykjavik on August 17, bearing a letter to Lieutenant Lowell Smith from the American Air Attaché in Rome.

Locatelli used one of the planes that had been constructed for Amundsen's proposed transpolar flight, of which Locatelli was to have been a member. The project failed for lack of funds, but it is now understood that the Italian Government will finance the plan next summer, and Locatelli's flight to Iceland and thence to Quebec, and probably New York, is described as a sort of prospecting tour in the Arctic regions for next year's undertaking.

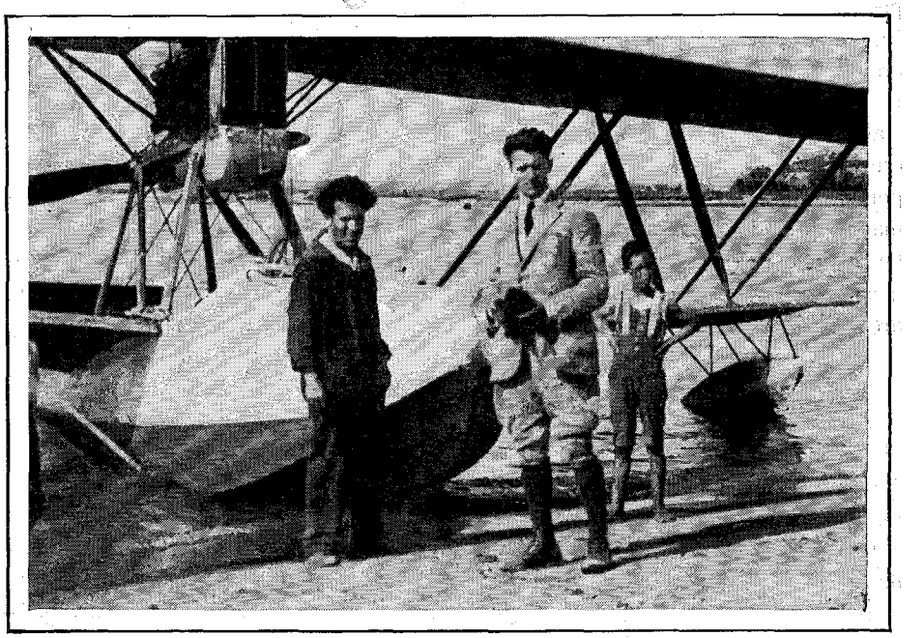
A correspondent of The Outlook in Italy saw the start of this flight, and writes to us of Lieutenant Locatelli that "he, who has been through all sorts of adventures, a most intrepid soldier and a gold medalist, and who accomplished the flight over the Andes not long ago, was not willing to abandon the idea entirely. Sufficient funds being raised, he has just departed on a northern flight, taking with him the crew originally intended for the great expedition. He is also a recently elected Deputy, and will take up his duties on his return."

The route taken by the Italian, as announced before his departure, was to the mouth of the Rhône, Lausanne, the Lake of Geneva, down the Rhine to Rotterdam, across to London, then to Hull, to the Orkney and Faroe Islands, over to Iceland, to several points in Greenland, to Canada through Labrador and up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and thus on to New York.

Again the Superpower Plan

A NUMBER of months ago announcement was made that a definite plan had been worked out whereby the whole area of the country was to be netted by a great superpower system. This plan had in view the unification of the Nation as a whole, and its full realization was not expected for many years—several decades, in fact. Mainly its purpose was to set up a definite goal toward which the electrification of the Nation might evolve, instead of evolving without single-minded guidance towards ultimate confusion.

More recently the detailed plan of a



Lieutenant Locatelli by the side of his hydroplane at Marina di Pisa

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somewhat local part or unit of that National net, the interlinking of cities in the neighborhood of Ohio and western Pennsylvania, was announced. Now comes close on its heels the most important part of the whole great scheme, the publication of recommendations for the construction and development of a network of steam and electric power plants in the most thickly settled and industrialized part of the country, the Northeast.

Great sources of power already existing, as well as many which are later to be constructed in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, are under this plan to be linked together in a net by means of long-distance transmission wires for the purposes of pooling their power in order to absorb large and sudden demands for energy or to bridge over the temporary breakdown of some one unit; also to generate power where it may be generated most cheaply and send it throughout the whole area instead of to a number of local districts, as at present.

A Saving of 50,000,000 Tons of Coal per Year

ONLY one-fourth of the power in this great industrial area will be generated by water, while the remainder must be taken from coal. Not enough water power is available in the district, but the plan involves a far better plan than that at present in use in the generation of power from coal—that is, the burning of the coal near the mines.

At present we are transporting our power (coal) by rail to the great centers of industry by the expenditure of other coal in locomotives, and about one-third of the total is thus being wasted, not to mention the lost human effort required to effect the transportation. Of course electricity cannot be sent through wires without loss on the way, but these losses are not by any means equal to the absurdly great one just mentioned.

The transmission of power over great distances is a problem which might be characterized as a "relative" problem in the sense that the distances over which it has been feasible in the past and will be in the future depend on the evolving state of the electrical engineering art. Specifically, it depends on learning to build reliable equipment capable of withstanding higher and higher electrical pressures—that is, voltages. The higher the voltage used, the greater the distance. The present limit is a line over 300 miles long in California, employing 220,000 volts; when double this voltage may safely be used, the distance may also be doubled, thus bringing mountain power to far-distant cities.

The anticipated saving from the superpower plan in the Northeastern States, a district in which sixty per cent of the power of the Nation is already being used, is fifty million tons of coal per year.

United

Helen Wills with the cup which she won as National Women's Singles Champion in defeating Mrs. Mallory at Forest Hills

Where There's a Wills There's a Way

THE happiness that comes from a well-earned victory, quite manifest in the picture which we print of Miss Helen Wills, shows that the imperturbability with which she fought her way through the National Women's Tennis Championship is a part of her tennis style rather than a permanent characteristic. This young girl from California fights her tennis battles behind an unemotional mask which would do credit to an Indian. Not by the flicker of an eyelash does she betray the direction of her strokes nor the strategy of her game. In Miss Wills the United States is developing a champion who seems to have only begun her career, although she now holds for the second time the American crown.

When she first appeared in the East, Mrs. Mallory defeated her in the finals of the National Championship. She came back again last year with a game strikingly improved in variety and power and defeated Mrs. Mallory in straight sets. This year she has repeated her victory of a year ago to the tune of 6–1, 6–3. And with Mrs. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman as her team-mate she captured the National Doubles Championship as well. Miss Wills will make a popular champion, not only because of her youth, but because of her courage and high sportsmanship.

Madison Square Garden

OLD New Yorkers, and even some comparatively young New Yorkers, will receive a shock as they walk up Madison Avenue from Madison Square, in noticing that the colonnade in front of the Madison Square Garden in New York City is being demolished. The entire structure ultimately is to follow suit and be taken down.

On the block bounded by Madison Avenue, Fourth Avenue, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Streets, now occupied by the doomed building, the New York Life Insurance Company, owner of the property, proposes to erect a magnificent and lofty structure, which will doubtless be one of the great architectural adornments of the metropolis, as the low-lying Madison Square Garden has long been. That structure was the work of the eminent firm, McKim, Mead & White, and has been one of the most satisfying products of their genius. It has been especially distinguished by a tall tower, a copy of the famous Giralda at Seville, and on this pinnacle has perched airily the well-known Diana by Augustus Saint-Gaudens. The whole edifice, tower, and statue have become so associated with the Madison Square section of New York that, even were everything to be transported bodily to some

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Wide World Photos

Demolishing Madison Square Garden, New York City. The beginning of the end of this famous structure

other block in the city, there would be a sense of strangeness in the mind of any New Yorker passing through the Square and looking toward the northeast corner. To know that the beautiful architectural feature distinguishing that corner will soon be gone forever is a just cause for melancholy.

Those accustomed to the sight of picturesque ruins in certain European cities, however, should not miss seeing the effect of the demolition already made.

President Coolidge as a Candidate

IN concluding his speech of acceptance on August 14, when officially notified of his nomination to the Presidency, President Coolidge used these words:

> It is well for the country to have liberality in thought and progress in action, but its greatest asset is common sense.

And again:

> The people know the difference between pretense and reality. They want to be told the truth. They want to be trusted. They want a chance to work out their own material and spiritual salvation. The people want a government of common sense.

Mr. Coolidge has, we believe, rightly interpreted the mind of the country. The present political campaign is not, as it has in some quarters been represented to be, a struggle between progressives and reactionaries. There is in this country no reactionary party. There is no party that would be entitled to sit with any of the European parties of the Right. There are reactionary elements in every American party, but all organized parties in the United States may lay claim with some justice to the term "progressive."

No one can read Mr. Coolidge's speech without recognizing that he not only believes in progress, but believes that there are certain definite paths along which progress can best be made.

More than that, Mr. Coolidge is democratic in his conception of progress. He believes that the people can be trusted to make their own decisions, to control their own lives, and to carve out their own destiny. He believes that the people do not want the Government to do for them what they can do for themselves. He makes no pretense of offering to various groups of people the services of the Government as a substitute for their own efforts. His faith in the capacity of the people to work for themselves better than any government can work for them is implicit throughout his address. Because he respects the people, he employs none of the arts of the demagogue. At the same time he recognizes that there are certain acts which the Government, as representing the public, must do in performing its function of protecting and advancing the general welfare. His test in determining what the Government should do is not whether it accords with some theory of his own, but whether it has worked or will work.

From the politician's point of view, Mr. Coolidge labors in this campaign under a serious disadvantage. He is heir of another man's record and associates, and is subject to the attacks of the Opposition. He is in a defensive, not an offensive, position. From the point of view of the ordinary intelligent citizen, on the other hand, Mr. Coolidge has a corresponding advantage. He does not need to depend upon promises, for he is in a position to point to performance.

Perhaps the most characteristic part of his speech is that which deals with taxation. Two passages from this portion of the speech may be quoted to indicate the definite and specific way in which he approaches all questions:

> I want the people of America to be able to work less for the Government and more for themselves. I want them to have the rewards of their own industry. That is the chief meaning of freedom. . . . Taxes must be paid. . . . They come first. It is only out of what is left after they are paid that the necessities of food, clothing, and shelter can be provided, the comforts of home secured, or the yearnings of the soul for a broader and more abundant life gratified. When the Government effects a new economy it grants everybody a life pension with which to raise the standard of existence. It increases the value of everybody's property and raises the scale of everybody's wages. . . .
>
> Every student knows that excessively high rates defeat their own purpose. They dry up that source of revenue and leave those paying lower rates to furnish all the taxes. . . .
>
> Only about 3,500,000 people pay direct income taxes. The remainder pay, but pay indirectly, in the cost of all purchases, from a pair of shoes to a railroad ticket. This country has at least 107,000,000 of these indirect taxpayers. I am not disturbed about the effect of a few thousand people with large incomes because they have to pay high surtaxes. They can take care of themselves, whatever happens, as the rich always can. What concerns me is the indirect effect of high surtaxes on all the rest of the people. Let us always remember the poor. Whatever cry the demagogue may make about his ability to tax the rich, at the end of the year it will always be found that the people as a whole have paid the taxes.

Not once throughout his speech does

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Mr. Coolidge attack his opponents or even mention them. In this (as in other respects to which reference is made elsewhere in this issue) Mr. Coolidge presents a marked contrast to Mr. Davis. Mr. Coolidge tells the country what he and his party have done, and what he proposes to do; and with this submits his stewardship for approval or disapproval to the people.

If this were presented not as a political speech but as a Presidential Message, we believe that it would receive almost, if not quite, as general approval as his Message of last December received from all quarters of the country and from people of other parties as well as his own. Unless the people of the country are in a mood to try experiments they will find it difficult to register disapproval of such a report as this.

Crime and the Expert

THE judicial hearing preceding the sentence of the confessed murderers of the Franks boy has been painful for Americans to contemplate. Journalism, law, and medicine seem to appear at their worst; many of their failures in the trial of Guiteau, more than forty years since, are repeated to-day. The newspapers too often report the proceedings as if telling about a tennis match between the lawyers: Mr. Crowe serves a swift ball to Mr. Darrow, who promptly knocks it back out of reach of the State's Attorney. Mr. Darrow's point; score, fifteen-love for the defense.

The employment of the paid alienists brings discredit upon our legal system and upon the profession of the expert in mental disorders. What can any man make of all this hair-splitting and juggling with phrases and catch-words? The prisoners are not "insane," they are "mentally diseased;" they knew "intellectually" that they were doing wrong when they carried out their carefully planned and atrocious murder, but they did not "perceive" it "morally." All persons in court except those whose duty brought them there were pronounced "abnormal" by one alienist. Is there any wonder that many alienists are under suspicion of having been bitten by their own pet serpents of abnormality and "complex"? Or for the belief that if six alienists were placed together in a room, and each ordered to investigate the mental condition of the others, they would come forth (especially if a fee were involved) with a unanimous report that all of the others were mentally deranged, or, as the ordinary man puts it, were "cracked"? One expert pronounces the prisoners to be skillful pathological liars. How, then, does the expert know, pertinently inquires the State's Attorney, that they have not deceived *him?* Alienists—as their own accounts of experiments with patients show—can, like other folk, be fooled. The commonplace man says of a murderer that he is a scoundrel, or a bad egg. Our grandfathers, in their legal indictments, said of him that he "had not the fear of God before his eyes, but was moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil." Have hired experts come much nearer to a correct description than this? Instead, do they not often darken counsel by words which seem, to those who love the abstruse, to be packed with knowledge?

It is scandalous that questions of insanity should come before judges or juries after a contest between especially retained experts on either side. There are, of course, many honest experts; but it is notorious that there is no question upon which experts cannot be hired to contradict each other. The solution seems reasonable: permanent boards of reliable alienists, not employed after the act in the interest of either side, but paid by the State, and ready without bias to determine the mental condition of persons accused of crime. Such experts would render their judgments, not as if they were counsel hired for the prosecution or the defense, but as quasi-judicial officers independent of fees. Once the prisoner is adjudged insane by such a board, he should be suitably restrained or confined, and there would be no further trial. Once he is found sane, the trial as to the law and the facts should go on—or, if he has been tried and convicted, the penalty should be inflicted—with no introduction of testimony about his mental condition.

At present there must be a strong temptation to anybody contemplating murder to perform the act in as cruel and cold-blooded a manner as possible. The mild murderer may go to his punishment; but there is great to-do and fuss and a strong attempt to save the perpetrator of homicide if his act has been diabolical. During the Chicago investigation there has been held in England the trial of Patrick Mahon for the murder of Emily Kaye. The hearing was marked by perfect fairness to the prisoner; the jury were not allowed to know of Mahon's previous criminal record. In five days the trial was over, and the convicted man was given the sentence which awaits murderers in Great Britain. The sentence will undoubtedly be executed in a few weeks. There is only one justification for the death penalty in any land, and that is that it saves the lives of possible victims of future murders—that it permanently prevents the criminal from repeating his act and that it is a deterrent to others. Opponents of capital punishment deny that it acts as a deterrent, and quote the fact that murders still occur in States which retain the death penalty. But, according to the American Bar Association, in England, where the death penalty is sure and swift, one person in 412,000 gets murdered. In the United States, where it is neither sure nor swift, and where almost anything except capital punishment may happen to the murderer, one person in every 12,000 gets murdered. This disproportion has never been explained by those who hold that the death penalty does not restrain many a potential murderer. But, whatever the penalty, its value as a deterrent depends upon the promptness and certainty with which it is administered.

A Conference That Made History

FOR the first time in ten years Europe is on a basis of peace. So quietly and effectively did the conferees at London do their work that the world has failed to realize the greatness of the achievement completed there on August 16. If the several Parliaments concerned ratify the agreement signed at London, that date may stand in history as marking the real end of the war.

As the hostilities were not brought to an end without America's help, so the basis of peace was not re-established without America's help. The Dawes Plan, which the London agreement puts into operation for the insuring of German reparations long overdue, is the result of Secretary Hughes's address in December, 1922, at New Haven, Connecticut. Assuring Europeans of our concern with the economic rehabilitation of Europe, he promised at that time the help of our unofficial experts in the solution of the problem. If he had promised direct Governmental participation in the Conference, the Senate might still be

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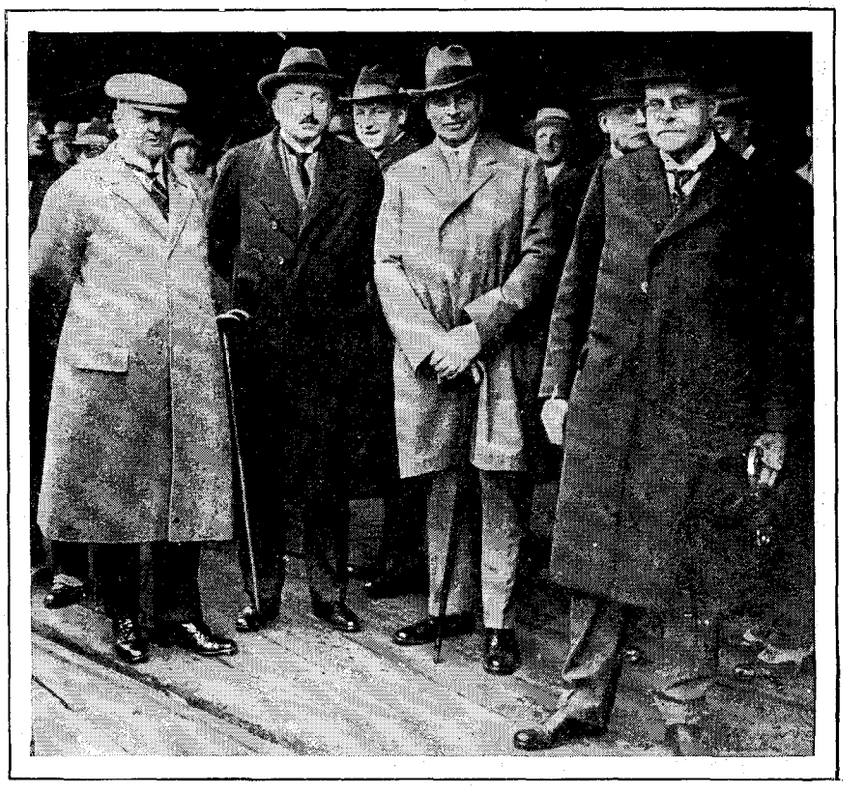
discussing the matter. Because Germany was not only still in default in pay, but was in no mood to show good faith, Europe, and particularly France, could not in self-defense provide for a conference of experts at that time. Germany's will had first to be changed. Within a month France and Belgium, seeing no other way out, occupied the Ruhr region as a guaranty. Prophecies as to the fearful results of such occupation failed to deter France and Belgium from their course and proved false. Germany's so-called "passive" resistance cost Germany heavily and needlessly. It was only after ten months that Germany began to come to reason. It was the occupation of the Ruhr that made the Dawes Plan possible.

As chairman of the committee of experts that made the investigation and drafted the plan, General Dawes, now the Republican Vice-Presidential candidate, fulfilled the promise that Mr. Hughes had made before the Ruhr was occupied. Still America's contribution was not completed. The acceptance of the Dawes Plan by the several Governments independently was not enough. Arrangements had to be made to put the plan into effect. Germany tried to bring pressure through England upon France to evacuate the Ruhr before the Dawes Plan with its guaranties could be put into operation; but France under Herriot, as under Poincaré, was adamant, and finally Germany acquiesced. Without a loan Germany cannot be restored; and without the Dawes Plan she could not get a loan. She has now agreed to undertake the necessary measures to adopt and enforce enabling legislation. The Dawes Plan may now be said to be under way.

Now that the political questions are settled, the economic effects of the agreement will soon be felt. The loan is like the pouring of a little water into a pump in order to bring out a great deal of water—that is, all the German reparations. It will also start other loans to German interests; German trade will revive. In America we shall feel the effect, not only in the import of German goods, but in the revival of international trade in general.

For the result Americans should acknowledge that great credit belongs to France for holding fast to the course of justice and reason in spite of the clamor against her. Specifically, credit is due to Mr. MacDonald, the British Prime Minister, M. Herriot, the French Premier, and to Dr. Marx, the German Chancellor, and to their associates, and not least to the American participants, Ambassador Kellogg, Mr. James A. Logan, Jr., and others, who were the more effective because they were "unofficial."



German delegates to the Allied Conference on the Dawes Plan—left to right, Dr. Stresemann; one of the secretaries; Herr Luther; and Chancellor Marx

Duluth

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

NOT the least important of the social revolutions resulting from the World War is the new acquaintanceship which it established between the French and the American people. Of course for years every American schoolboy has known that Lafayette came over here and helped Washington in the Revolution. But, if the impression of other schoolboys was like my own, there was a vague idea that he was a kind of parlor soldier who made war in black velvet and lace ruffles.

Later on in college I learned that another Frenchman, de Tocqueville, came over in the early part of the nineteenth century and wrote an immortal book on "Democracy in America." But I thought he could hardly be a normal Frenchman, and must certainly be an exception to the general rule, for I shared in the notion, then generally current in the United States, that the typical Frenchman was devoted to the airs and graces of life, little interested in serious thought, and totally averse to physical adventure.

Still later I read Parkman and a little of Charlevoix. But it scarcely occurred to me that the explorers, Indian fighters, *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois,* whose thrilling and blood-curdling adventures in the discovery and settlement of Canada they describe, belonged to the same race as the modern Parisian. Nor did I realize that, if we owe Virginia and the Carolinas and the New England States to the English, we owe a large part of the Northwest and a good deal of the Mississippi Valley to the French. It is no exaggeration to say that not many years ago Americans in general looked upon the French as gentlemen of the ballroom and the restaurant.

The World War has changed all this. We now know that the French are in the first rank of accomplished and fearless aviators; that they can make war weapons unequaled for precision; that they can play tennis, golf, and can even box with the best of Anglo-Saxon blood. In other words, the modern Frenchman, like his progenitors of two hundred and fifty years ago, is "a regular guy." How Senator La Follette, with a name of

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French origin and living in a State whose surface was first trod by French feet—if one leaves out of the count the savage Indian and the wild beasts of the forest—could have been pro-German during the World War is hard to understand. Perhaps the impishness of his name—which, literally translated, means "the frolicsome one," "the madcap"—occasionally gets into the Senator's brain and impels him to do the totally unexpected thing.

All this, however, is by the way and has little or nothing to do with the purpose of this article, which is to record the fact that a recent visit to the city of Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, has quite revived my interest in the French origins of the Northwest. Parts of Wisconsin and Minnesota are full of French names of more than two centuries' standing, such as Eau Claire, St. Croix, Prairie du Chien, Lac Qui Parle, and Duluth. Lac Qui Parle County, in Minnesota, takes its name from a lake which is said to have possessed a mysterious echo and which the Indians therefore called the lake that talks. The French explorers translated this name into their own tongue, and there it remains to-day a speaking monument to the adventurers from Old France.

But of all these monuments the city of Duluth is in a way perhaps the most romantic. When in 1679 the Sieur Du Lut, or Du Lud, or Du Lude, or Du Lhut, or Du Luth—his name is spelled variously in the records—a gentleman of the French minor nobility, whom Charlevoix calls "one of the bravest officers the King has ever had in this colony," first set his foot on what is now the site of the city, it was an almost impenetrable wilderness except on the water side. Du Luth was the first white man to penetrate this region. At that time New York was a flourishing incorporated city with a population of eight hundred. Du Luth's chief companion was his cousin Henri de Tonty, a gallicized Italian whose father invented Tontine insurance. Tonty had lost a hand in the European wars, and Parkman tells this story of him:

> He wore a hand of iron or some other metal, which was usually covered with a glove. La Potherie says that he once or twice used it to good purpose when the Indians became disorderly, in breaking the heads of the most contumacious or knocking out their teeth. Not knowing at the time the secret of the unusual efficacy of his blows, they regarded him as a "medicine" [or sorcerer] of the first order.

This may seem a little brutal to some of the good ladies of modern Duluth, but, in all frankness, it must be said that no one can read Parkman's calm accounts of the incredible savagery, cannibalism, and bestiality of the red men with whom Du Luth and Marquette and La Salle and Father Hennepin had to deal without half believing in the aphorism that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

For nearly two centuries the site of the city, which was eventually to bear the name of the bold and hardy French explorer, remained an undeveloped forest. In 1855 it was ceded to white settlers by the Indians. For a long time it could be reached only by the lake waterway, but in 1870 it was tapped by the first railroad, and in fifty years it has grown from a hamlet to a busy and prosperous modern city of over a hundred thousand people. It is now the shipping point of the valuable iron ores of northern Minnesota, and the docks, railways, and steel steamers of special construction employed in this ore shipment are a remarkable manifestation of the mechanical genius of the modern man. On the outskirts of Duluth is the beautiful housing development of the Minnesota Steel Company, known as Morgan Park, which is well worth seeing as an æsthetic but practical demonstration that modern industry does not need to take all the joy out of life.

Duluth is now the western terminus of the steamer traffic on the Great Lakes, and will become a port for ocean-going vessels when the contemplated outlet through the St. Lawrence River is completed. Duluth has had not only a phenomenal industrial growth, but it is a city of homes. Statistics are not always misleading, and so I will quote a few. First, as to the industrial activity of Duluth, I find that in 1920 nine thousand two hundred and eighty-three vessels arrived in and departed from the Duluth-Superior Harbor, and that these vessels had a net registry of thirty-five million tons. But what interests me quite as much is that, according to the latest available statistics, Duluth has forty-three school-buildings with seventeen thousand children enrolled, and that the school property is valued at more than four and a half million dollars. The city has twenty public playgrounds and a public library containing more than eighty thousand volumes. A city which takes care of its children is insuring its future.

If the spirit of the Sieur Du Luth could return for a few days from whatever happy hunting-ground he now explores, to visit again the scene of his early adventures, I have no doubt that his overwhelming amazement would be mingled with pride that his name is still remembered on the shore of the wooded harbor from which in June, 1680, he set out "with two canoes, four Frenchmen, and an Indian to continue his explorations."

What the Candidates Say

IF we compare the Coolidge and Davis acceptance speeches, we find the former specific, definite, and positive; the latter denunciatory, eloquent, but vague or generalized. Mr. Davis is always telling us that everything is wrong and something or other ought to be done about it; Mr. Coolidge rarely ends his exposition of a topic without saying, in effect, "I propose to do this."

Thus, as to the farmers' discontent, Mr. Coolidge declares his intention to appoint a committee to report measures to Congress; Mr. Davis is eloquent about an ideal transportation service and against tariff discrimination and the removal of handicaps, but he proposes no actual plan of procedure.

So with the tariff: Mr. Davis first tells us that he wants a statute "primarily to raise revenue," which would be perfectly definite if he did not hasten to add, "on a truly competitive basis," which means—what? Mr. Coolidge says, "I favor protection," and then states why and under what limitation; and how he will exercise the elastic provision—"judicially, not politically." Mr. Davis leaves us in doubt as to what kind of tariff bill he would like to see enacted.

Again, concerning the question of raising campaign funds: Mr. Davis unnecessarily declares, "Neither the

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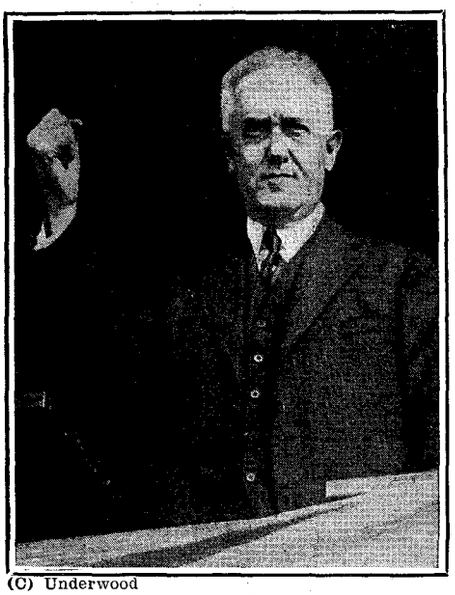

(C) Underwood

John W. Davis

United

President Coolidge

Candidates before the Camera

Democratic Party nor I as its leader have any favors to sell;" Mr. Coolidge proposes the budget plan for campaign funds, and adds, "I have made an absolute requirement that our committee shall live within its means."

Consider now the questions of prohibition and child labor. Both candidates naturally and inevitably say that the Prohibition Law should be enforced because it is law, but Mr. Coolidge adds a positive, characteristic sentence, "I propose to do my duty as best I can." And as to child labor he says, "Congress should have authority" and "Our country cannot afford to let any one live off the earnings of its youth of tender years," while Mr. Davis proposes—just nothing.

We particularly like the President's method of dealing with the Japanese immigration matter, and believe that his frank, non-evasive fashion of speaking the plain truth will create a favorable impression in Japan: "I should have preferred to continue the policy of Japanese exclusion by some method less likely to offend the sensibilities of the Japanese people. I did what I could to minimize any harm that might arise. But the law has been passed and approved, and the incident is closed. We must seek by some means besides immigration to demonstrate the friendship and respect which we feel for the Japanese nation." Note that this ends with a promise to do something. If Mr. Davis expresses any views whatever about this important question, we have failed to find them.

The oil investigation and the charges of corruption that followed are made by Mr. Davis the subject of a sweeping arraignment of everything and everybody that bear the name Republican. This is politics, not reform. Mr. Coolidge does not dodge the issue. He says:

> In all my studies of political history I cannot recall an Administration which was desirous of a dishonest and corrupt Government that, for the purpose of checking extravagance, ever undertook to introduce a budget system, to cut down taxes, to purge the pay-rolls, to make enormous reductions in the public debt, and to lay firmer foundations for the peace of the world.
>
> That is not the way of dishonesty. The Government is sound. But individuals charged with wrong-doing are being prosecuted. The people of this country hate corruption. They know my position. They know the law will be enforced.
>
> Wherever there have been suspicions of guilt, involving members of any party, I have caused them to be investigated and presentation made to the Grand Jury. If the evidence warranted, those suspected of crime have been indicted; and without favor, but without malice, they will be tried on the charges returned against them.

As so often in this document, the exposition ends with a snap that means business—the thing that is being done or is to be done: "The laws of the land are being, and will continue to be, enforced. I propose to use every possible effort to resist corruption in office. The American Government must be clean."

How about our relations to "abroad"? The most unworthy thing we have found in Mr. Davis's speech is his side-slap at the Washington Conference as "of more than doubtful value." As to the League, he has always (he tells us in effect) approved it and anything else that would make for world peace. He looks forward with anticipation to the joyful time when Germany, Mexico, Turkey, and Russia shall sit around the League's bountiful board, and mourns that only America shall be missing. And yet, even here he must qualify by saying he is content to wait until "the common judgment of the American people is ready for the step." No programme for 1925 here! And where is there generous recognition of what the Dawes Plan has done to bring European *rapprochement* nearer? In its place are sneers at the "bootlegging participation" of "unofficial observers." Turning to Mr. Coolidge, we find that our President is looking forward to new, real steps toward world peace: "When the reparations plan is in operation, I shall deem it an appropriate time to approach the Great Powers with a proposal for another conference for a further limitation of armaments and for devising plans for a codification of international law. I personally should favor entering into covenants for the purpose of outlawing aggressive war by any practical means."

Finally, both candidates follow their platforms in avoiding mention of the Ku Klux Klan by name and in deprecating racial or religious animosity. But there is a difference; Mr. Davis looks at the matter from the personal side of making appointments: "Into my hands will fall, when I am elected, the power to appoint thousands of persons to office under the Federal Government. When that time arrives I shall set up no standard of religious faith or racial origin as a qualification for any office." On this subject Mr. Davis is specific in terms and practical. If his words mean what they say, they are a challenge to those within his own party who would exclude Negroes from Federal offices in Southern communities or from command over white troops. On this subject Mr. Coolidge, striking at the basic principle, says: "This is one country; we are one people, united by common interests. There should be no favorites and no outcasts; no race or religious prejudices in government." And when we read his words we believe he means them.

In this comparison we have touched upon only a few points, and those but slightly. The object has been to illustrate rather than to condense these two important documents. It may be suggested to the citizen who is interested in studying public questions that he will find it illuminating and provocative of thought to try reading the two addresses together—that is, that he first read what one of the candidates said on a given subject, and then turn to what the other candidate said on the same subject. It requires a little trouble, but it really is—without regard to partisan feeling—an instructive thing to do.

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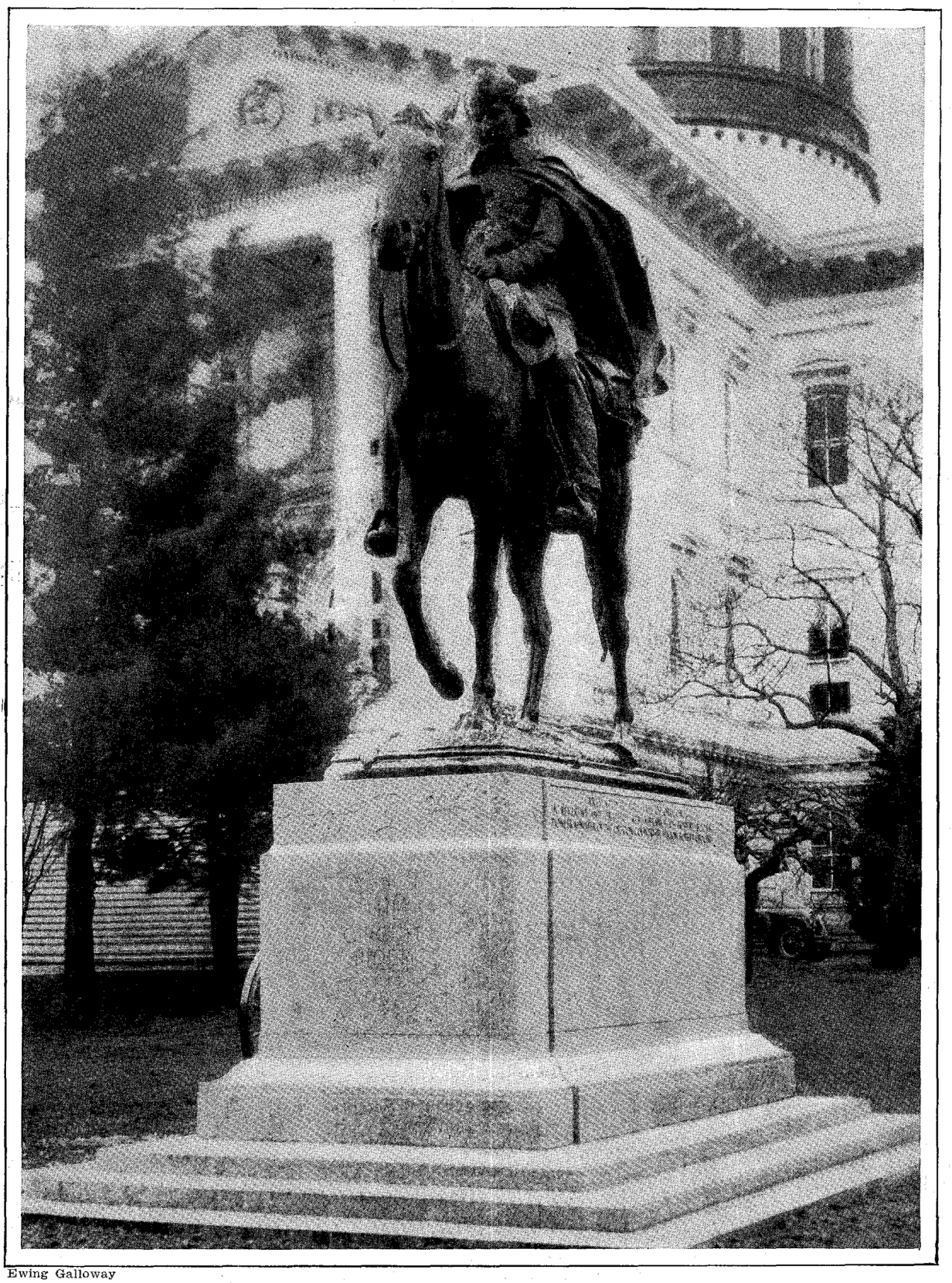
The Circuit Rider—A Memorial to Pioneer Ministers



Ewing Galloway

This statue, representing a pioneer minister of the West, is one of the recent works of a well-known New York sculptor, Mr. A. Phimister Proctor. It is placed on the Capitol grounds in Salem, Oregon. It was presented to the State of Oregon by Mr. R. A. Booth, a prominent business man of that State, in memory of Oregon's early itinerant preachers, among whom was his own father

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General Calles—Mexico's New President

By EDWARD CORSI

RESTLESS Mexico is—half blindly but instinctively—working out for herself a form of democracy. Since the days of Diaz she has been in a process of revolution. Bullets have as much to do with her politics as ballots. She has recently elected a new President. What sort of man is he? The answer is given by the author of articles published in The Outlook earlier in the year, who made a first-hand study of conditions during the stormy and somewhat warlike Presidential campaign.

THAT General Calles would succeed his friend Obregon to the Presidency of the Republic was known to the Mexican people many months ago. The result of the recent elections merely confirmed an old suspicion.

Up to the outbreak of the last revolution the Government of Mexico was in the hands of a triumvirate consisting of three Sonora generals—Obregon, Calles, and de la Huerta. Rumor had it that this triumvirate (known in political circles as "the Sonora News Company") was planning to keep itself in power indefinitely by giving each of its members a turn at the Presidency. Calles was to succeed Obregon, de la Huerta to succeed Calles, and, in 1932, if all went well, Obregon would again be President. The plan was a simple one, and, with the aid of the army, a very feasible one. For a time it was only a rumor, and accepted as such, but when, in September of last year, Calles resigned from the Cabinet to enter the Presidential campaign it became more than a mere rumor. People saw the plan of the triumvirate taking on definite form. The various labor and agrarian organizations loyal to the Government, the "official" press, political and military leaders known to be close to Obregon, the hangers-on ready to serve the purpose of any one in power, all flocked to the support of Calles. The handwriting on the political wall became clear. The triumvirate would have its way.

Matters were proceeding very harmoniously and according to schedule when, unexpectedly, de la Huerta, the junior member of the Sonora firm, broke the faith. Encouraged by the support of various groups inimical to the Calles cause, he declared himself in the race. Now in Mexican politics the rule for ambitious office-seekers is, or rather it has been, to resort to arms when victory at the polls is uncertain. De la Huerta was to be no exception to the rule. He knew Calles's strength. He knew the power of the organizations and the men who backed him. He knew, furthermore, that, however righteous his cause might be, the cards were stacked against him and he could not win. There was but one course open to him, a course in keeping with historical precedent, and that he chose.

Obregon in 1917 had taken the field against Carranza, because Carranza, benevolent despot that he was, sought to have one Ignacios Bonillas, a willing favorite, succeed him to the Presidency. It was a pure case of unwelcomed paternalism, quite incompatible with the ideals of the Revolution. The Mexican people had backed Obregon against Carranza; why would they not back de la Huerta against Obregon? Was not Obregon's support of Calles as clearly an abuse of official power as Carranza's? Thus argued de la Huerta, and there was logic in his argument. But, whereas Obregon had proved himself a better soldier than Carranza, winning on every battlefield, de la Huerta was no match for the one-arm President. The story of his fiasco, the echoes of which may be heard to this day, is too well known. Suffice it to say that it insured Calles's election, eliminating the only serious opponent to his candidacy. In other words, the de la Huerta rebellion dissolved the triumvirate, but did not impede the realization of its plan.

The Master Mind

LET us concede that the Mexican people were mistaken as to the intentions of the triumvirate. It may be that the Sonora generals never dreamed of monopolizing the Presidency. But there was one thing that the public knew for certain, upon which it entertained no doubts. It knew that Calles was the master mind and the inflexible will of that triumvirate. Obregon, as President, was the acknowledged spokesman of the Government. De la Huerta, as Minister of the Treasury, controlled the public finances. But Calles—General Plutarco Elias Calles—as Minister of Gobernacion, was the silent dictator of both the administration and the triumvirate. His will was law, and all Mexico knew it.

A remarkable man is this Calles, perhaps the most remarkable man produced by the Revolution. He is the *enfant terrible* of the forces that are striving to create a proletarian democracy south of the Rio Grande. Born in Guaynamas, of humble parentage, forty-seven years ago, he has risen to fame and power in a rapid, almost phenomenal way. Destiny placed many obstacles in his path, obstacles that would have defeated any other man, but it endowed him with a will and a courage that know no obstacles. Think of Mussolini, the soap-box orator turned statesman, and you will know what Calles, the Mexican Mussolini, is like. I have seen him but once, many months in Mexico City, and I still remember the massive figure, the prominent forehead, the deep, dark, penetrating Indian eyes, the determined mouth, and the square jaw. His is the personality and the presence of the dictator, the leader who understands human nature and is capable of dealing with it. In Calles there is neither sentimentality nor poetry; there is only a cold, merciless shrewdness. There is also much that is cruel and unsparing. They say in Sonora that he once advocated the extermination of the Yaqui Indians, many of whom were his faithful followers in the campaign against Carranza. The ghost of Villa haunts his banquet table.

He first gave evidence of his executive ability at Hermosillo, where he served as Superintendent of Schools. We later find him at Agua Prieta and Fronteras, Chief of Police in one place and Mayor in the other. His popularity was fast growing, especially among the workers, when reports of his radical activities began to reach Mexico City, and he was compelled to give up public office. For the next few years we hear of him merely as an agitator, addressing revolutionary meetings here and there, haunted by the police, hated by the well-to-do and loved by the mob. The Madero Revolution found him ready to serve. He was among the first to enlist in the war on Diaz, rising rapidly from the ranks. He held the rank of colonel when Obregon,

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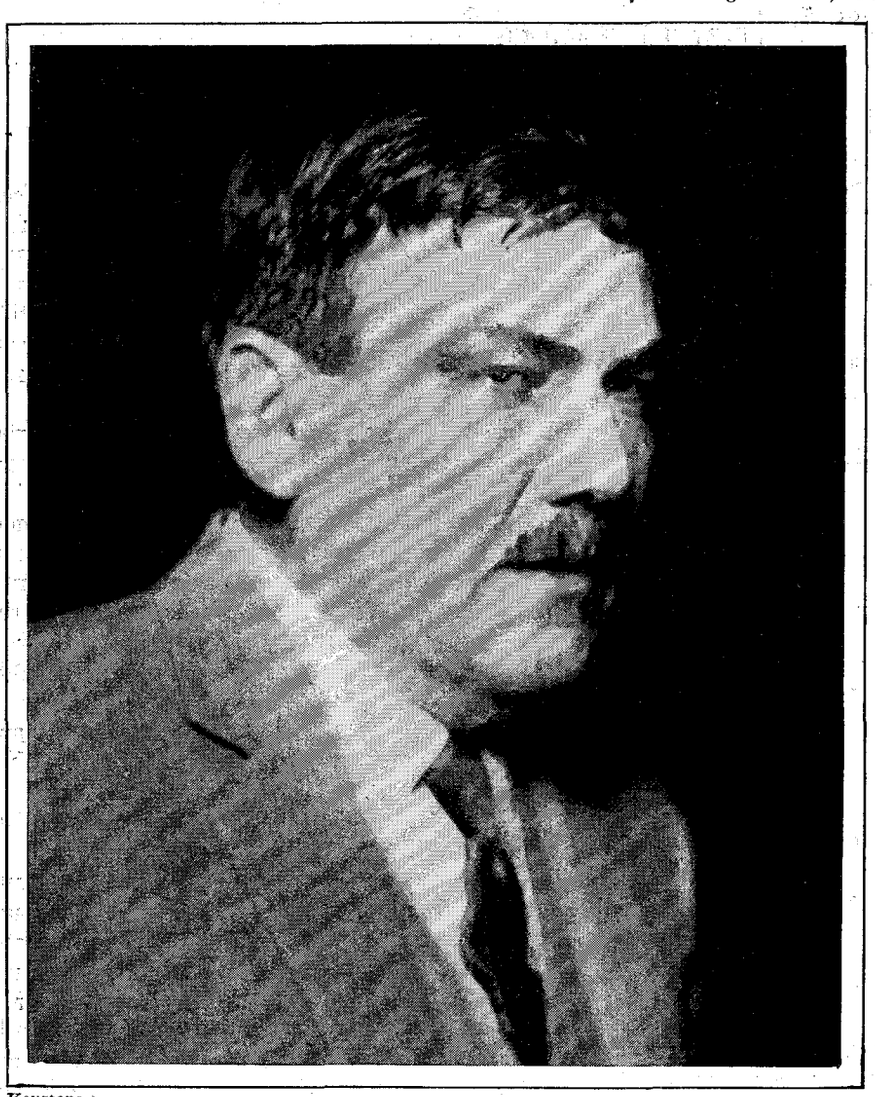

Keystone

President-elect Calles, of Mexico

in the rebellion against Carranza, appointed him a general in command of the Sonora troops. Governor of Sonora, Minister of Commerce and Labor, War, and Gobernacion are the posts he has held during the past eight years. As Governor of Sonora he distinguished himself as a statesman of great vision and power. His labor, agrarian, and educational reforms brought him into national prominence. Under his administration the State went dry, thus initiating a movement which, it is expected, will soon be the law of the land.

An Efficient Revolutionist

MEXICO will have in Calles the most revolutionary President since Juarez, the firmest ruler since Diaz. He comes to office as the avowed representative of the Mexican proletariat, as a foe of capital and the Church. Obregon, in spite of his professions of radicalism, was, in fact, a moderate in the conduct of public affairs, a paternalist seeking to calm the troubled waters about him. Calles will be a partisan. Unless power change him, as it has changed many men of his type, he will keep faith with the labor and agrarian organizations that have fanatically followed his leadership, worshiping him as they have worshiped no other leader in Mexican politics. A business man in Mexico City voiced the fears of the upper classes when he said to me: "God help us if that Bolshevik becomes President! He is the most dangerous man we have ever had to deal with." On the other hand, I might mention that he is equally distrusted by many of the *rojos*. The late Heron Proal, executed by the de la Huertistas in Vera Cruz, spoke of him in the most contemptuous terms. "Calles is a plain demagogue," he once said, "and the workers have nothing to hope for from him but empty promises."

Proal misjudged Calles. His public record and the opinion of those who know him intimately refute the charge that he is a man of empty promises. I am inclined to believe that that business man in Mexico City was nearer the truth than Proal. Calles is for a strict application of the Queretaro Constitution, with its famous Articles 27 and 123, the former relating to agrarian reform and the latter to labor. "I consider it my duty," he said recently, "to strive for the economic, intellectual, and social betterment of the workers. I approve with sincere enthusiasm the exact compliance with the regulations upon labor found in Article 123 of our Magna Charta. I also fully approve the provisions of Articles 27 and 28. Our agrarian policy is strictly legal, particularly as it concerns the return of the land to its rightful owners, the people." Carranza lacked the courage to apply these articles as he had promised, and the masses deserted him. Obregon went further than Carranza, but not far enough to satisfy the insatiable appetite of the labor and agrarian organizations. Calles will go further than his predecessors, much further, but the nation will pay the price of his courage. Both these articles, in the opinion of well-informed business men, are economically unsound. Carlos B. Zetina, Mexico's greatest capitalist, has repeatedly held that the industrial welfare of the country depends on the reform or the repeal of Article 123. As to Article 27, only partially applied, the statistics on agriculture speak for themselves.

A Radical Jingoist

COURAGEOUSLY radical as to domestic affairs, Calles may be said to be an extreme nationalist, a jingoist, as to foreign affairs. This undoubtedly explains his hatred of capital, which in the case of Mexico is mostly foreign. His attitude toward the United States is in harmony with that of most Mexicans, who view with alarming suspicion our policy toward their country. During the prerecognition conferences in Mexico City last summer Calles, as the most important figure in the Obregon Cabinet, was conspicuously absent. Many Mexicans are of the opinion that he has never approved the concessions made by Obregon to the Washington Government in the Treaty of Recognition.

More so than any other of the seven Presidents who have ruled the country since Diaz was forced out of office, Calles will be representative of the new Mexico with her great hunger for social and economic justice. Whatever we may think of him as a man and as a statesman, of the principles he expounds and the reforms he promises, we must not forget that fifteen million Mexicans have suffered fourteen years of civil war and anarchy for those very principles. And they are entitled to a fair experiment. Calles, the child of the Revolution and now its master, is undoubtedly the man to conduct that experiment. The task demands unusual ability, courage, honesty, determination, and faith. He is not lacking in these qualities.

The world will watch him for the next four years.

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"Gran'pap"

By LOIS JOHNSON ERICKSON

HE is "Gran'pap" to every one, although he is the only old bachelor I have ever known in Japan. He is a very, very old one. The first time I ever saw him, eighteen years ago, he looked about as ancient as he did last summer. It was a cold day in January. My new maids and I were straightening things out in my brand-new kitchen. Suddenly I looked up and saw Gran'pap standing in the door. He was all bundled up with a towel around his head and a ratty piece of fur about his neck. His faded cotton kimono was very dirty. His bristly old face was thin and wrinkled.

Off came the towel and the neck-piece, and Gran'pap began to bow; nice low bows, half-way to the ground. He was saying something, too, in a deep rumble, broken by the polite hiss necessary to proper salutation. Glory, the maid, seeing my helplessness to deal with the situation, led me outside, pointed to the bucket tied to a long bamboo which Gran'pap had leaned against the house, and made me understand that he had come to clean the well. When he saw by my face that I knew what he had come for, the old man made me another courtly bow, smiled until I got a full view of his two teeth which "do not hit," untied a string somewhere and dropped off every garment he had on! Then he grabbed the bucket, bowed again, and disappeared down the well.

From that day Gran'pap was a household institution. Glory and Strength went the way of all servants, but Gran'pap stood by us. He cleaned the well until we got running water; cut the grass by patient handfuls; scrubbed the big wooden bathtub; ran errands. In summer he was supposedly a fisherman. In winter he collected orange peel to make "medicine." But we were his refuge when times were hard. Often and often have we made jobs for him so that he could buy his rice. But he was a proud old duffer, and some things were beneath his dignity. Once offended, he might not come back for weeks. One day he was put to "boiling the bath," and almost set the house afire. After the scolding he got then he did not come around again for a long time. Once he borrowed fifty cents from the cook, and was not seen for most of the summer.

One of the funniest times that he "got mad" was when we told him to bring his boat around to take a party of us for a little ride. Our guests were fresh from America, and we wanted them to go out in a boat paddled from the stern, like a fish's tail. Everything was ready for a lovely time. Gran'pap, scenting that it was an occasion, came with so many clothes on that he was something of a disappointment. His toothy smile was much in evidence as he fetched and carried lunch-baskets, pillows, rugs, and umbrellas. At last he reported everything ready, and we all went gayly down to the place where his boat was tied. But when Gran'pap found that we intended to enter his spotless boat with our shoes on the trip was off. In vain we pleaded with him, and told him that we should all take cold if we went out on the water with no shoes. In vain we tried to convince him that our shoes would not hurt his boat. He would not allow it to be so desecrated. Some of us wanted to send him back for bedroom slippers, but "the master" would not let us give in to him, and we parted with hard feelings on both sides.

It was cold weather when I saw him next. He had brought his winter "wardrobe" to Strength's successor and asked her to patch it up. Honorable Bird called me out to look at the things. "And him too good to let you ride in his old sampan with your shoes on! I wish you would look at what he wears! It makes me sick to touch the dirty things. I'm not going to patch them for him." But she did, for Honorable Bird is the kindest-hearted thing living. She made him wash them first, though. When she gave them back to him, he told her that he was sleeping in a shed with horses.

As the years went by, Gran'pap came more and more to feel that he belonged to us. The orange-peel business, which he used to attend to in Hiranuma, was moved to a little vacant spot just in sight from my back window. I used to wonder that the police did not make him move on, for those peelings were anything but ornamental to the neighborhood as he spread them out in the sun to dry. Every night he went off to sleep in his stable, and the next morning was busy at his job again. He had an old pot to cook rice in, and one of their little charcoal stoves, and would cook and eat out there in the open. Sometimes he would move the outfit into our back yard and converse with the Honorable Bird while he did his cooking. When he did this, we knew that he had very little to put into the pot, and we did what was expected. Once he got a job at a temple, and told us good-by with much ceremony. But he was back again within two weeks. Occasionally he would bring a bundle wrapped up in a bandanna and ask the Bird to take care of it until he came back, as he was going to visit a cousin in the country. Everything he owned was in that bandanna.

Two summers ago new neighbors moved in, and we persuaded them to give Gran'pap some of their odd jobs. They were kindly people, and stood for much. But they were just out from America, and they were not used to the ways of Gran'pap. The climax came when they found him sleeping over the weeds at nine o'clock in the morning. Honorable Bird told me of the parting.

"But really, Bird, that was the limit. What was the matter with him? Was he drunk?"

"Oh, no. But he has no mosquito net, and he is sleeping in his boat."

Sleeping in a boat with no mosquito net! And we were burning incense and sleeping under double nets to keep from being tormented past endurance. Honorable Bird counseled caution. "Better not get a good one. He will sell it if he gets hard up, and part of the money would go for *sake*." That night Gran'pap slept under a second-hand net which once had been gorgeous green and red.

I was alone in the house at noon on the first day of September. "The master" was in Kobe, and Honorable Bird had gone for crushed ice for the tiffin table. I only remember a sudden awful wrench and the floor going to pieces beneath me. In thirty minutes Yokohama was a burning hell. Tens of thousands were caught in death-traps, and hundreds of thousands were panting and sobbing as they climbed higher and higher up the hills. Down at the Recreation Grounds my best friends were lying crowded together in the mud and plastering it on their blistering faces. Other friends had fled to the bay, and were in the salt water for hours, gasping and diving when the heat became unbearable. Over by the broken pier the crippled gallant Empress was fighting for her load of lives. Gas and water mains and electric wires had run amuck, and the oil from secret reservoirs was flowing down to set the sea on fire.

I cannot piece the story all together. I was wounded in fourteen places, and it was days before I was myself. They tell me, though, that I was brought to

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the André Lebon in a boat paddled from the stern like a fish's tail, and that an old man with two teeth which did not hit helped to hoist my limp body to the ship's ladder. Harry Horton, one of the boys I know best, watched him fight his way through the jam of sampans to the ship's side. Twice his boat was pushed back by some excited ruffian. The third time they tried to stop him Gran'pap joined in a furious quarrel with his persecutors. Only a few words were intelligible to Harry, but he heard Gran'pap shout something about a mosquito net, and after that the sampans opened up for him to pass.

It is almost six months since I was brought to Kobe. Yokohama is still an abomination of desolation, shaken by earthquakes every day. Her people have scattered to the remote ends of the Empire. Sickness and death have taken a heavy toll. "The master" has gone twice and searched the ruins anxiously. We do not even know that Gran'pap survived that dreadful week after I was safe on the French Mail liner. Day and night I can see an old, old man patiently digging orange peel out of garbage-boxes, and shivering in the wintry wind as he makes his "medicine." And yet, what can we do? Eighteen years of association, and we never knew his name!

The Dreamer

By LAURENCE HOUSMAN

As Love went past me,—there
In his arms a child lay sleeping.
"O Love, child-bearer," I said,
"Why in sleep is he weeping?"

Love said: " 'Tis only a dream:
When he wakes, it will be ended."
"What is his dream?" quoth I.
Quoth Love, "That he goes unfriended."

"How in your arms, O Love,
Comes such a dream, heart-breaking?"
"Sleep is sleep," said Love;
"And the dream will vanish with waking."

"And when he wakes, what truth
To him shall daylight discover?"
"That dreams are over," said Love;
"And that I, in dreams, was his lover."

Hell an' Maria—Revised

A Sketch from Life

Special Correspondence by STANLEY FROST

CHARLES G. DAWES is in a fair way to become a myth—very prematurely, for he is a solid person. But the fireworks which attended his revelation to the public, the picturesque appeal made by his personality, the need of story-tellers to have some one on whom to "hang the good ones," and the clever or malicious distortions and caricatures which go with our political life have already made of him something never really seen on land or sea.

It happened that I never talked with Mr. Dawes until after his return from the Reparations Conference, but I had constructed a mental picture of him which was probably not far from that commonly held. I saw him as a swashbuckling, hell-roaring, two-fisted, hard-boiled fighter, a sort of Light-Horse Harry Lee brought up to date, with a genius for finance and a greater genius for the limelight, whanging impulsively away at whatever roused his half-cocked wrath, smoking (upside down) a brier loaded with poison gas, and conversing chiefly in profane terms, the most frequent of which was "Hell an' Maria."

It was movie material; yet, since Mr. Dawes is not in fact an incarnation of Jove the Thunderer, it may be as well to separate the man from his myth. It happens, fortunately, that the loss is not great, for the man himself is interesting enough.

Self-Restraint

THE picture changed swiftly in my first minute's talk with Mr. Dawes. An opening jolt came when this "self-advertiser" refused to be interviewed for publication, which is conduct unbecoming in any self-advertiser. Another jolt was his quiet, courteous, restrained, and almost indolent manner. The third was his almost complete avoidance of profanity; he uses less than most active men, and did not say "Hell an' Maria" once.

The disappointment was not complete, of course. The pipe is bad enough; not exactly poisonous, but belonging by rights in the great open spaces, such as Death Valley. But even that is not wrong side up. It is made that way, with the bowl hanging from the stem instead of perched upon it. It seems to be a Dawes invention in the interests of efficiency, and intended to overcome the perverse tendency of ordinary straight-bitted pipes to upset themselves.

As to "Hell an' Maria" there is a story. He not only didn't say that to me; he never has said it! What he did say was, "Oh! Hell! Maria!" and this is a throwback to his boyhood days near Marietta, where that expression was current slang. It is supposed to have come out of a story about some early settler who, on some occasion of stress, addressed his wife in those terms. It was considered very funny. The story is long forgotten, but the phrase remained, and can still be heard at times in those parts. When Dawes used it before a Congressional Committee, some meticulous but soulless editor tried to make sense by writing in the "and." Thus Dawes got his nickname and the great Dawes myth its start.

The occasion on which all this happened, however, is no myth; and is doubly important, since it is the high spot in his career so far as his public reputation and popularity are concerned. Incidentally, when properly understood, it is more characteristic of the real man, and throws more illumination on his ways and works, than any other that has come to hand. I heard it from a close friend; after spending some futile time in trying to get him to tell about himself, I

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turned to his acquaintances, and found they had plenty to say.

It was shortly after the close of the war, and a Congressional committee was muckraking the A. E. F. The petty fault-finding had been going on for weeks. General Dawes, just back from his service as purchasing agent, was to be a witness.

"He determined to do something to offset all the slime that had been thrown around," his friend told me. "He was boiling mad, for one thing, and he wanted to attract attention, for another. Also he wanted to be as emphatic as he could. He figured the whole situation over carefully, and decided just what he was going to do."

He did it. He challenged every statement that had been made against the A. E. F. and dared the critics to prove any word of their charges. He outraged the dignity of the committee and he caught the eyes of the reporters. His vigorous statements and, above all, his profanity got him the attention of the public. His testimony got first page in every paper and completely and permanently buried everything that had gone before. He was the last witness before that committee, and the twenty-three volumes of testimony it took have never been heard from since he left the stand!

First a Purpose, then a Plan

THERE you have an almost complete picture of Dawes. In the first place, he went into action to defend both a sentiment and his sense of justice. He wanted fair treatment for the men who had worked and fought in France; he was determined not to permit a crowd of fly-speck hunters in mahogany chairs to smirch the glory of an achievement which had been worked out in mud and cold and hunger, amid poison gas and flying lead and steel. He was furiously angry. But he did not lose his head for a moment; his plans were calmly worked out in advance, the effect he wished to produce was carefully calculated, the means to be used were just as carefully selected. There was nothing impulsive about it. Every move was well planned, direct, forceful, and effective. That it was unconventional was merely because that method seemed most effective.

In other words, this incident shows Dawes as one of those terrible persons who, having determined what is to be done, does that thing in the way which seems most likely to succeed, regardless of the appearance he makes or the consequences to himself. He was not troubled by the certainty that he would become unpopular with those eminent Congressmen, nor that he was being undignified and unconventional and spectacular.

Underwood

Charles G. Dawes; his aunt, Frances Dawes, who has been his lifelong counselor; and his wife, Mrs. Caro D. Dawes

Such a man is dangerous; he is also delightful to our more timid souls, and it is no wonder that we have started to make a myth of him.

Thoroughness and Fervor

ANOTHER quality stands out of this performance of Mr. Dawes's—his thoroughness. It is a more than intellectual thoroughness. There is an emotional fervency about it which is awe-inspiring. He is never lukewarm, never seems to do anything with less than his whole might.

"Charlie Dawes, more than any other man I know, puts a hundred per cent into everything he tackles," another Chicago banker told me. "He may not be interested at all in a thing till some accident forces him to take it up—then he's hardly interested in anything else till he masters it. I knew when he took charge of the Budget that he'd do a thorough job; he couldn't do any other kind. That's what made him so successful in reorganizing public service outfits; he always knew more about them than any one else. It's the same with anything he takes up—currency, banking, purchasing for the A. E. F. One gets to have a queer feeling about getting in his way."

Just now Mr. Dawes has undertaken the job of winning the dissatisfied farmers back into the Republican fold. Since it is generally conceded that this will be the crux of the campaign, it will be interesting to watch him at work, in view of this estimate.

A Passion for Facts

HIS constitutional hostility to "bunk" of every description was made clear in Mr. Dawes's first public appearance. It is almost a passion with him, and is entirely in line with his habit of straight and uncompromising thought. He has a

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passion for facts, and prefers to work with them exclusively, though he is willing to include the duty of kindliness and manly sentiment among any list of facts up for consideration. His first public utterance after his nomination emphasized this quality.

"An orgy of demagogism has been running rife in the world," he told his neighbors at Evanston. "The man who distorts facts, the man who preaches a pleasant doctrine to one portion of the people and another pleasant, but absolutely inconsistent, doctrine to another portion, is a menace to the safety of our fundamental institutions. I pledge myself to adhere to the truth and the common-sense conclusions to be drawn therefrom."

His next sentence showed still another phase of character.

"As to the demagogue on the stump," he went on, "whatever may be his party, I want it distinctly understood that in the coming campaign I ask no quarter and will give none. In this, at least, I know that I will have the sympathy of all good citizens, irrespective of party, and I hope that our political opponents will follow the same course. Let common sense reign."

His statement is too narrow, according to his friends and enemies in Chicago, in that he has limited it to this campaign. He never has either asked or given quarter, they declare, and they can't seem to form a picture of him doing either. Since there is no part of the country where there has been more political buncombe and demagoguery in recent years than in the Middle West, where he will make the chief part of his campaign, they are waiting rather breathlessly to see how he will come out, and what will be the reaction of the farmers to the plain speaking he is likely to give.

His acquaintances do not all agree that this straight-from-the-shoulder habit of his is a result of pure courage, however.

"It looks like it, I'll admit," one man said. "But it isn't. So far as I know, he's never thrown a bluff or got licked. When it comes to a show-down, you always find he has the cards."

Direct Rather than Impulsive

DAWES'S associates disagree about whether he is impulsive. Certainly many of the things he has done and many of his fiery statements sound that way. And those who uphold the affirmative tell, in particular, how he once bought a town in ten seconds. It was during a staff conference while he was purchasing agent in France for the A. E. F., according to this story. A French officer rushed in to complain that the American troops were bombarding a certain French town in which German machine-gun nests were holding up an advance, and to protest—in fact, to forbid—this destruction of property.

"How much is your town worth?" Dawes is said to have demanded. The Frenchman blinked, and hazarded a guess at its value.

"Sold," yelped Dawes. "General, go on with your bombardment."

Yet to me this story, when weighed in connection with other evidence, seems rather to prove a direct habit of mind, which cuts sharply to the bottom of things, rather than impulsiveness. To Dawes the question was simple; the Frenchman was worried about a financial question, therefore money would settle it. American lives—not to mention the success of the advance—were at stake. Were they worth the money? Obviously. Then pay it, and get to the next business. The various kinds of sentiment involved on both sides were immaterial. That is not impulsiveness; it is merely straight thinking.

In fact, one is permitted the suspicion that Dawes's impulsiveness is as nearly a pose as anything about him. It has advantages; opponents are likely to underrate an impulsive person, and also to be hurried into ill-considered actions themselves. Roosevelt knew this well, and it was one of the cardinal points of his strategy. It seems likely to be so with Dawes; in every case I have been able to analyze, it appears that he has made his plans carefully, calculated the effects with precision, and then acted calmly or "impulsively," as the case required. I doubt that he has ever been "out of control" in his most impulsive moments. His disregard of conventions and proprieties, of course, helps give the effect of rashness, for most of us would have to be greatly excited to disregard them. But the fact is they mean absolutely nothing to him unless they are useful.

His whole effect is that of an engine "warmed up." He saves his energy till he has use for it; then, as in his public appearances, he is power personified.

Once his decision has been made, he will put it through if the power is in him —and it usually is.

Painful Lessons

IT must not be understood that Mr. Dawes never makes mistakes, nor that he is unable to learn a lesson, nor that there are not problems which he is unable to solve. One such was very simple —how to wear leather puttees. When he first went into field uniform in France, he suffered agonies from his "fireless cookers." They interfered with his brain work, with his peace of mind, and, finally, with his health. At last he confided his sorrows to a West Pointer, bred up in leather, and the latter discovered that Dawes was wearing garters under the putts!

Far more serious was his adventure with the "Minute Men of the Constitution," an adventure which has earned him the hostility of most of the union men of the country. This came about during the railway shopmen's strike, when traffic was disorganized and the public was beginning to suffer. Dawes helped to form an organization to represent the public, support the courts in stopping violence, and fight the unions if that became necessary. The organization did work which was generally approved at the time, but caused immense hard feeling, and taught Mr. Dawes something about the swift decay of public gratitude and the long life of private hatreds.

Music and a Sense of Humor

ALL these things about Mr. Dawes will be imperfectly understood, however, without a glance at an entirely different side of his character. Perhaps the keynote of this other side is the fact that he is a commuter, enduring the tedious ride back and forth from Evanston every day for the sake of the comfortable home and pleasant home life which are possible in that charming suburb. The fact is, he has sentiment, and perhaps the one thing he is most afraid of is that it should be found out. That may be a reason for the hard-boiled attitude he always assumes.

A man cannot be very well boiled when, as is Dawes, he is both a musician and a philanthropist. For this hundred per cent fighter is not only a musician, but a composer. His Melody in A Major is widely played, and competent musicians tell me that he has done other work as good. And there are three rooming-houses which he founded, two in Chicago and one in Boston, where destitute men and women can find refuge without a charity atmosphere or impertinent meddling.

Such a man has, of course, a sense of humor, but there is evidence that Mr. Dawes's humor is likely to have a touch of teasing in it. When his shingle was first hung out in Lincoln, Nebraska, and times were hard with him, he used to take most of his lunches in a wagon run by one Don Cameron, and he often sat next to a young West Pointer who was drilling the cadets at the State University and studying law on the side. Years later, when ex-Lieutenant John Pershing was giving a formal dinner in Paris, Dawes suddenly leaned across the table and demanded that his host should tell

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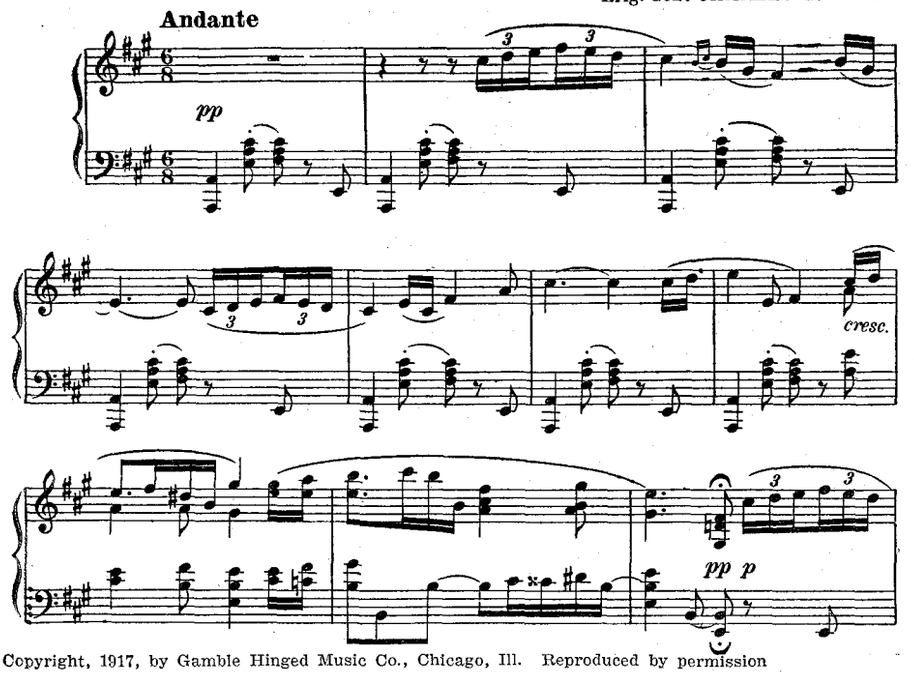
Arranged for Piano by Marie Edwards Von Ritter

Brig. Gen. CHARLES G. DAWES

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Opening measures of Dawes's "Melody" as arranged for the pianoforte

the Parisian *grande dame* beside him "about that fine old Spanish grandee, Don Cameron, with whom we spent so much time in our youth." It is on record that the General turned purple.

From Lunch Wagon to the Dawes Plan

MR. Dawes's financial career was, in a way, forced on him. His original intention was for the law, and he spent seven bitter years in Lincoln before he was convinced that there was no future for him there. During this time, however, he performed one feat which showed clearly the real bent of his mind. While struggling for a living, and eating at a lunch wagon, he wrote a treatise on "The Banking System of the United States," which is still an authority on that subject. Since all his information was second-hand, and since he was then under thirty, nothing but natural genius can account for the grasp and insight the book shows. It was years later before he began to reap any benefit from it, but it is really the foundation of his business career.

His years in Lincoln were not without high spots. He made a fight for the farmers against the railroads which had much to do with the enactment of the Inter-State Commerce Act. Later his firm began to specialize in public utility affairs, and he acquired much experience that has been of immense value since. Nevertheless his relatives became convinced that he was on the wrong track, and, according to one report, furnished him enough capital to go into business. He bought stock in a bank, and later became its president. In 1894 he sold out, went to Wisconsin, and invested in the La Crosse Gas Light Company, beginning the line of activity which presently led him into the biggest financial affairs of Chicago.

There was an interruption in 1898, when he was appointed Comptroller of the Currency, but he returned to Chicago in 1901 and organized the Central Trust Company of Illinois, which has been the base of his financial operations ever since. They have been many and complicated—and profitable—and are reported to have included at least one notable victory over J. P. Morgan & Co. He relinquished the presidency in 1921, becoming chairman of the Board of Directors.

There is no need to rehearse his service as Chairman of the General Purchasing Board for the A. E. F., his work with the Budget, nor his still more recent services on the Reparations Commission. The last, however, will be important in the coming campaign, since it is the basis of our only real foreign policy, and Republican campaign plans are to show the farmers that it is of the highest value to them, since it is the only feasible attempt that has been made to reopen the foreign markets they need so badly.

How He Came By His Qualities

DAWES was born on August 27, 1865, in Marietta, Ohio, a river town originally settled from New England. His father, General Rufus R. Dawes, was one of the commanders of the famous "Iron Brigade" from Wisconsin, which made so fine a record during the Civil War. The family ancestry traces back to William Dawes, who came to America on the Planter in 1628 and lived first in Boston and then in Salem. The family has always been nomadic, and has branches as far West as Nebraska. It will be seen that Charles G. Dawes's fighting qualities, his uncompromising mind, and his Puritan exterior are all honestly come by.

He paid most of his way through Marietta College by surveying as "chief engineer" for a teapot railroad of which an uncle was president. Then he went to the Cincinnati Law School, and was graduated before he was old enough to be admitted to the bar. While he was waiting for his years to accumulate he married Miss Caro D. Blymyer, daughter of a beet-sugar manufacturer, returned to his engineering for a living, and presently moved to Lincoln, where he organized the law firm of Dawes, Coffroth & Cunningham. The couple have had three children, and adopted another after the drowning of the eldest son, Rufus.

His Place in Politics—Two Views

EVER since the nomination of Mr. Dawes for the Vice-Presidency there has been a vigorous debate among politicians in regard to the harm or good he will do the Republican ticket. "He's lost us every labor vote in the Nation," one man declared. "Just a crazy, cussing promoter, when we needed some one to represent the farmers," another remarked bitterly. And there is no possible doubt that he has some very definite enemies; so downright a man cannot be without them.

The opinion of most observers, however, is that he brings more strength than weakness. "He's square and straight, even when he's wrong," one expert told me. "People like that. He is a Westerner, and he knows Western problems; he's a better representative of the farmers than any farmer could be, because he knows the business and political ends. And there is one thing about him that is priceless in these days, when most of the politicians are trying to carry water on both shoulders and their heads, and to be so colorless that they won't offend any one.

"That is, that there is never any doubt where he stands on anything. There's nothing hazy or foggy about him or his opinions. You don't have to guess what he's after, and you know that he'll do exactly what he says. You may agree with him or not, but you know he'll give every one a square deal, and that you can depend on him. Thank Heaven, the time hasn't come yet in this country when people are more interested in theories than they are in manhood, and Charlie Dawes is all man. He'll get the votes—you wait and see."

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Present-Day Poland

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

WARSAW looks something like Berlin, but is more picturesque, especially its skyline, seen from across the river. It is not, however, the most picturesque city in Poland. Cracow must claim that title. There the architecture is of an earlier and purer art. Here it is baroque. But the city contains finer examples of that style than I have seen elsewhere.

Perhaps the most striking building in Warsaw is the Russian Cathedral, erected just before the war, and now being taken down by the indignant and independent Poles. Naturally, they do not want to have any reminder of Russian occupation. An old adage runs to the effect that, if the Russians erected a cathedral in Roman Catholic Warsaw, they would lose Poland, but that when the Poles took it down *they* would lose Poland. Yet the Poles seem willing to run the risk!

Though only five years ago some people here were still reduced to flour-sacks for clothing, little in Warsaw reminds you of war. Yet Poland suffered more than we realize in property as well as in far more precious life. The denizens of a town like Gorlice, for example, are still living in cellars. Several million buildings of all sorts were destroyed in Poland. To this add the crop, live stock, and forest destruction, and you have a loss easily running into billions of dollars.

In area Poland is almost as large as France, and in population is more than three-quarters as large. We think of France as an old, continuously going concern, with very positive policies. We are apt to think of Poland as a new-old country with rather negative policies. But Poland is working towards positive ends.

During these years of new national existence the Poles have established a real democracy in their incorrigibly aristocratic land (there has never been any real middle class here, though one is now developing), a democracy so genuine as to need no fillip of Fascism to keep it strong. Like some other countries, however, Poland suffers from an excess of governmental functionaries, characteristic alike of socialistically inclined new governments and of the older and aristocratically inclined. The excess must all be cut down here as elsewhere if each country's taxable wealth is to support overhead governmental charges. Otherwise there will be general bankruptcy. And that, in turn, can lead to political anarchy.

The Poles have established compulsory education. All children up to fifteen years of age have to attend school. Though thousands of new schoolhouses have been erected, there are not enough yet, and the children have to be taken care of in two or three shifts. Near the Poniatowski Bridge, for instance, leading over the Vistula to the suburb of Praga, in one schoolhouse you may see the shifts at work as late as 8 P.M. There are many new secondary schools also, and three new universities. Among the old, the University of Warsaw is now, of course, Polish instead of Russian, and the number of its students—at present about 8,000—has quadrupled during the past few years. In a highly agricultural state, the very large number of agricultural schools and colleges should also be mentioned. In walking about the Warsaw streets I am impressed by the many book-shops. Their windows, contrary to those of similar shops in other cities, are filled with text-books and other serious works rather than with novels and lighter literature. This certainly indicates a popular desire for learning. One also sees many student caps about. Warsaw almost seems a student city.

(C) Keystone

"Perhaps the most striking building in Warsaw is the Russian Cathedral, now being taken down by the indignant and independent Poles"

The Poles have established universal suffrage, without distinction of sex. The lower house of Parliament is elected by citizens over twenty-one years of age; the upper, by those over thirty. When you consider the lack of political experience of most of the citizens, you are surprised that the franchise has functioned as well as it has. For the future, compulsory instruction will spread abroad general intelligence. Will it affect emigration? In this connection, year before last over nine-tenths of Polish emigration to America was Hebrew, and of this more than four persons out of every five remained in Greater New York. Some say that over a quarter of all the Jews in the world are in Poland.

The Poles have established an army—and, under French guidance, a notable army too. In great part the frontier is not naturally marked for defense. In addition, Poland lies between two frowning, threatening colossi, Germany and Russia. Moreover, little Lithuania, on the northwest, considers herself already at war with Poland because of the Ambassadors' Conference decision giving Vilna, the ancient Lithuanian capital, to Poland because the town's population is overwhelmingly Polish. Hence, as a total result, the peoples across three-quarters of the frontier may be said to be distinctly menacing to Poland. There is thus need of a highly trained armed force in this country, even though, like the present army, it costs half of Poland's revenue. The Polish army is the bulwark, not only of Poland, but (whether one regard Poland as a wall or as a bridge) of Europe; it is vital to the peace of Europe, and that means the world's peace. And what attractive soldiers the Poles make! To-day I saw some of them arriving at their barracks; the military band preceding, playing the beautiful Polish national hymn, at which all the bystanders uncovered. In their military movement the soldiers seemed to unite something of German solidity to something of Italian alertness and elasticity.

In foreign affairs the future of Poland faces three menaces:

1. Lithuanian resentment concerning the loss of Vilna.

2. German resentment concerning the

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Polish corridor to the sea, cutting Germany in two, and the Upper Silesian decision.

3. Russian resentment concerning the Polish eastern boundary, which extends far beyond the territory inhabited exclusively by Poles, but does not reach the territory inhabited exclusively by Russians.

All these menaces, however, seem to be lessening in view of the growth of common sense on the frontier and of more neighborly relations. May common sense triumph, for Poland's sake and Europe's and the world's!

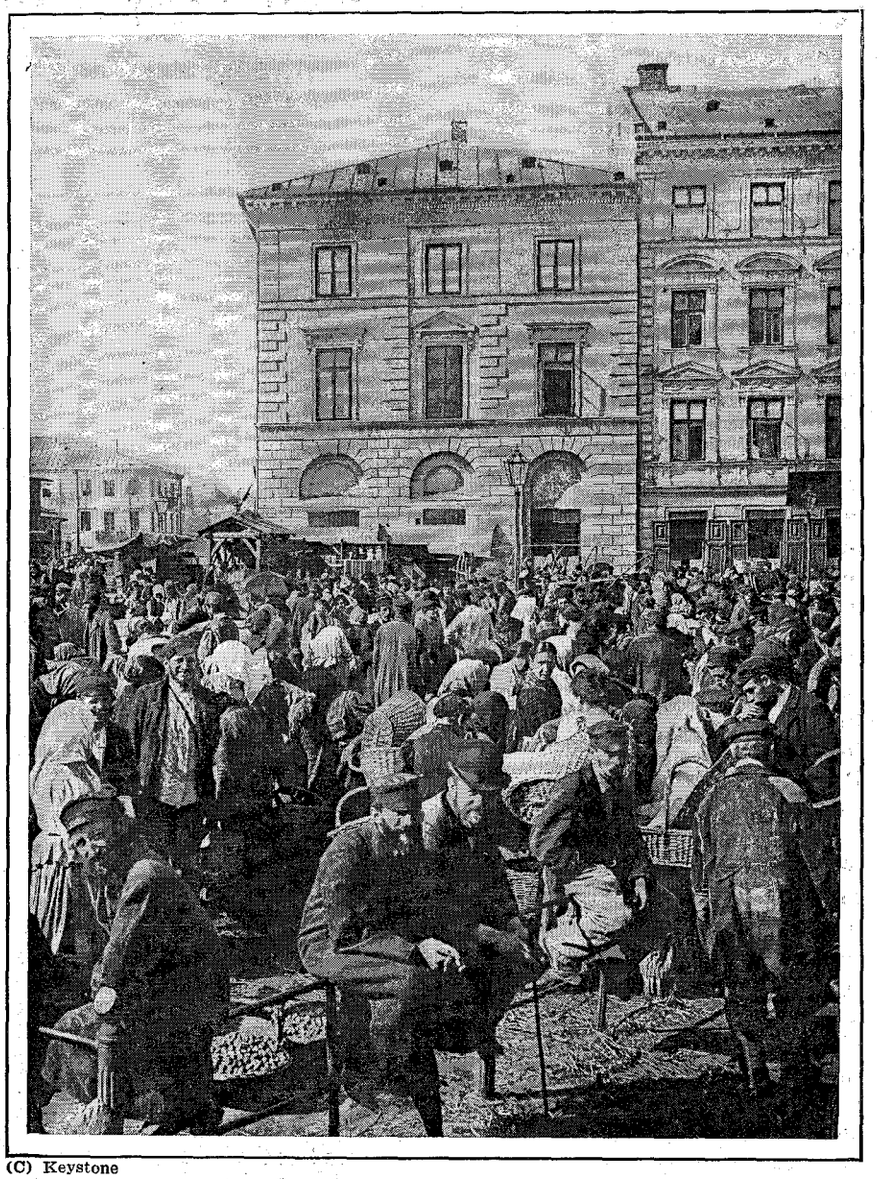
In domestic affairs we find a fairly large number of political parties. It is a wonder there are not more, for the Slav temperament is that of the theorist, the individualist, rather than that of a practical mixer and fellow-worker. To make use of their real political assets, as they now realize, the Poles must show ability to do team-work. The individual Pole is often an altruist, a fine fellow, a capable man. But where two or three are gathered together the Lord is not always in the midst of them.

The Polish population, mostly agrarian, is unevenly distributed: in the west, congestion and a high degree of land cultivation; in the east, little density and a low degree of cultivation. To even the distribution and to transplant, say, the German Pole into the primitive conditions of the so-called White Russian districts of Poland would be to oppose differences, both racial and circumstantial, requiring a stimulation of the pioneering spirit for any successful adjustment.

Agricultural Poland is richer than is commonly supposed. Production per acre, while very irregular, averages as high as the average for all Europe; moreover, in any normal year Poland raises a large surplus beyond her own requirements.

As to the size of crops, Poland furnishes an eighth of the world's rye and over a fifth of the world's potatoes. The potato exports, one might suppose, would be prodigious; but, as a matter of fact, the internal consumption is proportionately greater than in any other country. Not only is the potato a main food for man, but also for beast, while much of the crop goes to make alcohol, starch, and other potato products. Export restrictions have forced the Polish farmer to sell recent bumper crops in a congested domestic market, at prices barely affording an even break with his production costs, a condition importantly underlying present exhausted Polish purchasing power.

The sugar industry is another large agricultural activity. It has just closed its manufacturing season with a production of nearly 350,000 tons of white sugar, an increase of more than one-fifth over the preceding year. These figures I have from the Trade Commissioner stationed in Poland by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of our Department of Commerce at Washington.



(C) Keystone

Market day in Warsaw, in the Jewish quarter. "Year before last over nine-tenths of Polish emigration to America was Hebrew"

A quarter of Poland's area is in timber, and of a high quality. An important Government income is derived from pulp wood and wood pulp.

Polish mining resources are notable because of deposits of coal, zinc and iron ores, petroleum, and salt. By the League of Nations' decision, Polish Silesia, with its great mineral deposits and metallurgical industries, was, in June, 1922, incorporated into Poland. She is now the sixth largest world producer of zinc, and in Continental Europe the second producer of coal, while she bids fair to become the first producer of salt.

Of Polish exports last year coal took first place, textiles second, and semi-finished metal goods third; of Polish imports, textile raw materials took first place and finished metal goods second. In both exports and imports Germany is represented by about half.

All in all, Poland is thus a very important factor in European economic as in European political life.

In American trade with Poland raw cotton forms by far the largest item of her imports. We could sell many things here had we our competitors' advantages. They do not put the cart before the horse. In a market holding the promise of trade, before any considerable commerce is developed these competitors establish facilities for carrying on that trade's expansion—facilities like banks, insurance companies, forwarding agencies, warehouses, wholly or partially under their control. I find this machinery established here by the English, French, Germans, Austrians, Italians, and others. American participation is notable by its absence. Without such commercial conduits our trade lags.

Warsaw, Poland.

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The Book Table

Austin Dobson's Poems

Reviewed by BRANDER MATTHEWS

IT is a curious and inexplicable fact that English, which has a vocabulary larger than that of any other language, has no exact word for a delightful kind of poetry in which our literature is richer than any other. More often than not we call the lyrics of this species by a French name, *vers de société*, although they ought not to be mere "society verse," and although they are finer and more frequent in English than in French. On occasion they have been termed "light verse," which is both inadequate and misleading, since, although they are generally light enough, they are, at their best, commingled of feeling as well as of fun. Perhaps we had better adopt the name which Cowper proposed, "familiar verse," as these vernacular lively lyrics ought to be written in every-day English, simple, direct, free from all ink-horn words, seemingly unadorned and spontaneous.

After the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes the two masters of familiar verse were Frederick Locker-Lampson, author of "London Lyrics," and Austin Dobson, author of "Vignettes in Rhyme." They were both disciples of Herrick and Gay, of Prior and Praed. Each of them had an ardent admiration for the other; they were both friends of mine, and forty years ago, when I wrote a pair of papers characterizing them and incidentally contrasting them, Dobson helped me to prepare the essay on Locker, and Locker helped me to prepare the essay on Dobson. When these critical studies were included in the collection of essays which I entitled "Pen and Ink," Oscar Wilde fell foul of me for confusing what he called "the poetry of Piccadilly" (*i.e.*, Locker's) with "the poetry of Parnassus" (*i.e.*, Dobson's); and I had no defense to proffer. I knew it to be true that Locker's Pegasus was seen to best advantage when he was put through his paces in Rotten Row and that Dobson's steed had wings strong to lift him to a loftier ether than that of Hyde Park.

In other words, Locker was a master of familiar verse, pure and simple, while Dobson, though possessing an almost equal mastery in that sort, had a wider range and a richer poetic inspiration. It is Dobson who perfectly defined the exiguous garden-plot that Locker cultivated most successfully:

Apollo made, one April day,
A new thing in the rhyming way;
Its turn was neat, its wit was clear,
It wavered 'twixt a smile and tear;
Then Momus gave a touch satiric,
And it became a "London Lyric."

It is Dobson again who, in a longer and more elaborate piece, described "familiar verse" more aptly and more adequately than any one else had ever done either in prose or verse; in fact, in his "Jocosa Lyra" he exemplified as adroitly as he defined, artfully practicing what he was artistically preaching:

In our hearts is the Great One of Avon
Engraven,
And we climb the cold summits once
built on
By Milton.

But at times not the air that is rarest
Is fairest,
And we long in the valley to follow
Apollo.

Then we drop from the heights atmospheric
To Herrick,
Or we pour the Greek honey, grown
blander,
Of Landor;

Or our coziest nook in the shade is
Where Praed is,
Or we toss the light bells of the mocker
With Locker.

Oh, the song where not one of the
Graces
Tight-laces,—
Where we woo the sweet Muses not
starchly,
But archly,—

Where the verse, like a piper a-Maying,
Comes playing,
And the rhyme is as gay as a dancer,
In answer,—

It will last till men weary of pleasure
In measure!
It will last till men weary of laughter
And after!

Locker was at his best when he tossed the light bells of the mocker, and Dobson was at his best when he dropped from the heights atmospheric and poured the Greek honey. And they both of them knew the difference in their gifts. Locker suggested to me that Dobson was really too large a poet to be always at ease within the restrictions of "familiar verse," and he hinted that his friend did not care quite enough for society to put forth his full strength in society verse. After saying this, Locker called the attention to Dobson's "Unfinished Song" and declared that "its spirit is so beautiful,"—thus elucidating the difference between his own work and his friend's. More keenly than Locker was Dobson aware that the lyre is a winged instrument—to borrow a saying from Joubert.

Perhaps the foregoing paragraphs may seem too large a portico for a book review; and my sole apology must be that in dealing with Dobson I wanted to begin by pointing out that he is not only one of the foremost writers of familiar verse, a friendly rival of Locker and Praed, but also that he had a large share of sheer poetic power, revealed in lyrics of a loftier elevation than is permitted to the songsters of society. And this fact is made clear by this "Complete Edition"[1] of his poetical works, prepared with filial piety by his son, Mr. Alban Dobson, and issued by the Oxford Press in a single compact volume of more than five hundred pages, properly furnished with a bibliographical Introduction and with three useful indexes. More than fifty years ago I read "Vignettes in Rhyme;" and in this half-century I have diligently sought all his later poems, so it is that as I turned the beautifully printed pages of this volume I had the pleasure of reading again a heterogeny of old favorites, from which it is difficult for me to make any selection. Shall it be the haunting lines on "A Nightingale in Kensington Garden," or the vigorous and resonant "Ballade to Queen Elizabeth"—a right Elizabethan lyric, with no single word in its stalwart octaves which was not in the Tudor vocabulary. Shall it be the Horatian "Tu Quoque" or the Rossettian "Song of Four Seasons"? Is the canorous "Ladies of St. James's" too well known to be transcribed here? Is the ballade "On a Fan that Belonged to the Marquise de Pompadour" equally familiar? Why cannot I, disregarding editorial malediction, copy out half a dozen of the lyrics that I know by heart? How else can I remind the readers of this review that Dobson had grace and ease and charm, vivacity and variety? I simply cannot forego the privilege of citing an excellent example of Dobson's blithe buoyancy and of his technical accomplishment, the "Ballade of Prose and Rhyme," with its two intertwined

[1] The Complete Poetical Works of Austin Dobson. Oxford University Press, American Branch, New York. $1.50.

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efrains, set over against one another to louble our delight:

When the ways are heavy with mire and rut,
In November fogs, in December snows,
When the North Wind howls, and the doors are shut,—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a scent from the whitethorn blows,
And the jasmine-stars at the casement climb,
And a Rosalind-face at the lattice shows,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

When the brain gets dry as an empty nut,
When the reason stands on its squarest toes,
When the mind (like a beard) has a "formal cut,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-blood stirs and glows,
And the young year draws to the "golden prime,"
And Sir Romeo sticks in his ear a rose,—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

In a theme where the thoughts have a pedant-strut,
In a changing quarrel of "Ayes" and "Noes,"
In a starched procession of "If" and "But,"—
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever a soft glance softer grows
And the light hours dance to the trysting-time,
And the secret is told "that no one knows,"—
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

ENVOY

In the workaday world,—for its needs and woes,
There is place and enough for the pains of prose;
But whenever the May-bells clash and chime,
Then hey!—for the ripple of laughing rhyme!

That is the poetry of Parnassus, even if it was not grown on the higher slopes of that summer resort of the Muses. And for another aspect of the poet's charm I cannot do better than to quote the lovely lines "To a Greek Girl," a lyric worthy of comparison with the Attic beauty of Landor's "Rose Aylmer:"

With breath of thyme and bees that hum,
Across the years you seem to come,—
Across the years with nymph-like head,
And wind-blown brows unfilleted;
A girlish shape that slips the bud
In lines of unspoiled symmetry;
A girlish shape that stirs the blood
With pulse of Spring, Autonoe!

Where'er you pass,—where'er you go,
I hear the pebbly rillet flow;
Where'er you go,—where'er you pass,
There comes a gladness on the grass
You bring blithe airs where'er you tread,—
Blithe airs that blow from down and sea;
You wake in me a Pan not dead,—
Not wholly dead!—Autonoe!

How sweet with you on some green sod
To wreathe the rustic garden-god;
How sweet beneath the chestnut's shade
With you to weave a basket-braid;
To watch across the stricken chords
Your rosy-twinkling fingers flee;
To woo you in soft woodland words,
With woodland pipe, Autonoe!

In vain,—in vain! The years divide:
Where Thamis rolls a murky tide,
I sit and fill my painful reams,
And see you only in my dreams;—
A vision, like Alcestis, brought
From under-lands of Memory,—
A dream of Form in days of Thought,—
A dream,—a dream, Autonoe!

In the third decade of this "so-called twentieth century" (as the indignant reformer once called it)—in these days of riotous revolt when the vandals are besieging the temple of Apollo in hot haste to destroy his statue and to disperse those who still worship at his shrine, I wonder if these exquisite stanzas of Dobson are as much liked as they were in the more restful days of my youth, when Aldrich and Bunner and the rest of us joyed in quoting them. Probably they are not, and certainly they ought to be.

P. S.—Just as I had finished writing this review in prose I bethought me of a review in rhyme, written nearly forty years ago, when "At the Sign of the Lyre" was first published. It has been recently reprinted in the "Complete Poems" of Andrew Lang — Dobson's friend and mine. I doubt if there is any precedent for one reviewer to quote from another; but "freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent," and so I feel myself free to set a good example:

A little of Horace, a little of Prior,
A sketch of a milkmaid, a lay of the squire—
These, these are on draught "At the Sign of the Lyre."

A child in blue ribbons that sings to herself,
A talk of the books on the Sheraton shelf,
A sword of the Stuarts, a wig of the Guelf,

A *lai*, a *pantoum*, a *ballade*, a rondeau,
A pastel by Greuze, and a sketch by Moreau,
And the chimes of the rhymes that sing sweet as they go;

A fan, and a folio, a ringlet, a glove,
'Neath a dance by Laguerre on the ceiling above,
And a dream of the days when the bard was in love.

A scent of dead roses, a glance at a pun,
A toss of old powder, a glint of the sun.
They meet in the volume that Dobson has done.

If there's more that the heart of a man can desire,
He may search in his Swinburne for fury and fire;
If he's wise—he'll alight "At the Sign of the Lyre."

The New Books

FICTION

BY REEF AND PALM AND THE EBBING OF THE TIDE. By Louis Becke. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $2.

Perhaps the best-known work of one of the earliest of the South Seas novelists. This is the first volume in a uniform edition of Becke's works.

IMPERTURBE. By Elliot H. Paul. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

The title, "Imperturbe," is taken from one of Walt Whitman's curious affectations. Mr. Paul began writing under the inspiration of the Russians, and so sees America as a dismal, muddy place, a land very sordid and mean. He sees part of the truth; is "fearless" and frank. He would be deeply pained if a reader found one wholly cheerful page in any of his novels. He is master of a better prose style than the author of "Polyanna," but as an observer of life suffers from a squint, as she did. "Imperturbe" is soberer, better composed than "Impromptu" and "Indelible," the author's two other novels, but is rather less interesting. To lovers of the Dreiser type of novel, the dingy school of fiction, as Mr. Boynton has called it, Mr. Paul is a highly significant figure.

WOMEN AND WIVES. By Harvey Fergusson. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Fergusson's "Capitol Hill," his earlier novel, was a remarkably apt picture from the point of view of a cynical newspaper man. It may be questioned whether a description of the city of

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Washington as entirely populated by frauds, humbugs, and hypocrites is such perfect realism as its author imagines; but Mr. Fergusson was, in the main, justified, and his book was interesting. "Women and Wives" is a rather more conventional novel of love and marriage and their disillusionments. Especially their disillusionments.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN INDIA. By Satyananda Roy. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $1.25.

An interesting addition to a series describing the life of children in various countries.

YOUNG FOLKS' BOOK OF MIRTH (THE). Selected by Mary Roenah Thomas. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston. $2.

An excellent humorous anthology in prose and verse, printed in type of good size. The selections range from Cowper to Stephen Leacock, and show independent and original judgment in selection. A good Christmas present for children from about eight to fifteen years old.

BIOGRAPHY

LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JUSTIN SMITH MORRILL (THE). By William Belmont Parker. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

Senator Morrill of Vermont first entered Congress in 1855, and died in 1898, nearly ninety years of age. He was a pillar of the Republican Party, and had his years of greatest eminence and power in the 1870's and 1880's.

LIFE OF OLIVE SCHREINER (THE). By S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $5.

The life of a woman of genius, the author of a novel which was once discussed everywhere and is still read after forty years—"The Story of an African Farm." The biographer is her husband.

MASTER JOHANN DIETZ. From an Old Manuscript in the Royal Library of Berlin. Translated by Bernard Miall. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5.

Dietz was a surgeon in the army of the Great Elector and barber to the royal Court. In this autobiography he quaintly sets out what he endured in the campaign against the Turks, in the Arctic Ocean, in German cities, among robbers, soldiers, young maidens, and apparitions, and how he at last settled down and married two wives.

DRAMA

FOREST (THE). A Drama in Four Acts. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.

This may be easily classified with plays of social criticism, striking as it does at the roots of imperialism and high finance. The scenes are laid in London and equatorial Africa at the end of the last century. The first and fourth acts, in the office of a Mephistophelian "City" financier, serve for prologue and epilogue. As relief to the grim, almost melodramatic body of the play these two acts point the irony of a situation in which an unscrupulous stock plunger is shown risking the lives of good men and true to fatten his dividends. The love interest appears a trifle forced, and is certainly incidental. Though the scenes in the African forest do not suffer for lack of action and dramatic episode, one fancies this play to be more nearly first-rate closet drama, of doubtful value for production.

THREE TIBETAN MYSTERIES. Translated from the French Version of Jacques Bacot by H. I. Woolf. Broadway Translations. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.-

Three curious Tibetan dramas, or mystery plays, performed in the monasteries of Tibet.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT. By Raymond G. Gettell. The Century Company, New York. $3.75.

A discussion of political theory from primitive days to the present.

INTERNATIONAL LAW. By Charles G. Fenwick. The Century Company, New York. $4.

A comprehensive discussion in one volume (over 600 pages) of the principles of international law. The author is Professor of Political Science at Bryn Mawr.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

SMALL HOME (THE): HOW TO PLAN AND BUILD IT. By William Draper Brinckloe. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York.

A practical book, with sixty plans for inexpensive bungalows, cottages, farmhouses, apartments, garages, and barns.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

DINING IN PARIS. By Sommerville Story. Robert M. McBride & Co. $1.50.

A pleasant little guide to the art of eating and drinking in Paris. All about the restaurants, their specialties and their attractions.

INDIA: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

A useful book. Nobody could tell all about India in a library of volumes, but the author of this one has told much that ought to be known in one volume. He was once Governor-General of Bengal.

LAKE SUPERIOR COUNTRY (THE). By T. Morris Longstreth. The Century Company, New York. $3.50.

Outdoor life, the land, the people, and the animals in a wild and beautiful region.

STAINED GLASS TOURS IN SPAIN AND FLANDERS. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.50.

The travels and artistic and historical reflections of an enthusiast in the stained glass of mediæval churches and cathedrals.

SCIENCE

HEALTH BOOK (THE). By Royal S. Copeland, M.D. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $3.

J. K. Jerome told of a man who read about diseases from ague to zymosis and ended by thinking he had them all. Senator Dr. Copeland in this book tells what to do for adenoids and for varicose veins, and for all the troubles which alphabetically come in between. He is popular, even paternal, in his literary style.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKMAN'S MANUAL (THE): A GUIDE TO LITERATURE. By Bessie Graham. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. The R. R Bowker Company, New York. $3.50.

This is a guide for the young bookseller, for the clerk in a book-shop who wishes to advance himself in knowledge. It is a handy manual for an acquaintance with facts about books and authors, and it should be useful to many others besides booksellers. That it is not free from errors is indicated by two or three small mistakes which appear in a casual examination—the statement, for example, that Lord Braybrooke discovered the key to Pepys's Diary.

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN POLITICS (A). By Edward Conrad Smith. The A. L. Burt Company, New York. $2.50.

A work in one volume, giving in alphabetical order brief definitions of the terms and phrases of American politics, with biographical and historical information entered under the names of men and events.

POLICEWOMAN (THE): HER SERVICE AND IDEALS. By Mary E. Hamilton. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

New York's first policewoman describes her work, and shows the usefulness of women as agents of the law and as detectives. Instead of trying to do the man's work, the policewoman has her own work, which a man cannot do.

Books Received

FICTION

GRAY BEGINNING (THE). By Edward Shenton. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

PATRICIA'S AWAKENING. By Harold James Barrett. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. $2.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

EVOLUTION, KNOWLEDGE AND REVELATION. By Stewart A. McDowall. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

GOD'S OPEN. By James I. Vance, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.

STUDIES IN THE CHRISTIAN GOSPEL FOR SOCIETY. By H. A. Mess. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

THOUGHTS THAT BUILD. By Rev. J. Storer. The Macmillan Company, New York.

WONDER OF LOURDES (THE). By John Oxenham. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 90c.

EDUCATIONAL

STUDENTS' HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND. By Rev. William Walter Smith. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

XENOPHON—MEMORABILIA AND ŒCONOMICUS. Translated by E. C. Marchant. Loeb Classical Library. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.50.

WHAT SHALL I BE? By Clayton H. Ernst. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.50.

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Contributors' Gallery

FICTION is sometimes more veracious than truth. Perhaps the incidents in "Grandpap," by Lois Johnson Erickson, did not actually happen, but we are convinced that this story is true to the spirit of Japan.

STANLEY FROST, political correspondent of The Outlook, had a frank and intimate talk with Charles G. Dawes, Republican nominee for Vice-President, and the fruit of that interview is given in a clear pen picture of the personality of Mr. Dawes in this issue.

POLAND has long been a storm center of European politics. Elbert Francis Baldwin's description of the situation in present-day Poland deals with the political, social, and economic factors that will influence or govern the future of this frequently unhappy state.

LAURENCE HOUSMAN, author and artist, has a long list of publications to his credit. This is the first time that any of his poetry has appeared in The Outlook.

THE name of Brander Matthews is always a welcome one in the pages of The Outlook. He has been Professor of Literature at Columbia University since 1892, and his essays and textbooks are known throughout the land. His critique of the complete poetical works of Austin Dobson is both the estimate of a personal friend of the English poet and an authoritative comment from a man who is thoroughly familiar with the spirit and the background of Dobson's verse.

EDWARD CORSI is Educational Director of the Haarlem Community House, in New York City. He is a close student of international affairs on both sides of the Atlantic. To Mexican politics he has given a great deal of first-hand study.

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Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Investigating Investments

By WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

THIS country has just been experiencing a period of extraordinarily reckless investing, in the course of which several million dollars of good money have traveled from the pockets of the honest but unwise into those of the dishonest and crafty. In practically every case the story has been the same: a clever salesman, the allure of quick wealth, and a ready acceptance of the spoken or printed word without investigation. Of course the moral is obvious—we should spend as much thought on the investment of our money, and hence on the investigating of proposed invest-

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nents, as we do on the earning of he money.

The sad fact remains that, despite the Nation-wide publicity which has been given to exposing unsound stocks and bonds, the suckers who are born every minute continue to tumble into the traps laid for them by unscrupulous promoters. I thought it was all right;" "Everything could find out about it was good;" 'My friends all went into it," and similar excuses prevail.

As a result of a little direct and a good deal of indirect experience, the writer has come to the conclusion that the only cure preventive of foolish buying of securities is to teach prospective buyers how to investigate what they propose to buy. If that is done, and if a few simple rules are followed, the chances of loss will be reduced to the minimum.

I am referring to investments, not to speculations. The difference should be plain. An investment is purchased primarily for permanent safety of principal and moderate, steady income. A speculation is purchased primarily on the chance, or in the fond belief, that there will be income, but that the prncipal will vastly increase in market if not in intrinsic value. Speculators gamble on the future; investors study the past and estimate on the future in the light of known facts.

How can an investment be investigated? How, in short, can the average busy professional or business man satisfy himself as to the real worth of a stock?

In the first place, it should be said that there never was a time when information about stocks and bonds could be obtained at less cost in time than to-day. The business of collecting and disseminating facts about investments is now highly and ably organized by competent firms, who send out to subscribers periodical reports on practically every issue. Every large bank and most small banks subscribe to one or more of these reports and are always willing to let customers examine them at their convenience. The names of these reports can be secured from your banker.

In investigating the real worth of an investment it is not enough to know where to look for unbiased information. One must know how to interpret biased information and, still more important, what information is significant and what is of no particular significance. And this requires much more than a superficial knowledge of business, economics, and finance.

Clearly, the advertising circulars are of the nature of biased information. Many of them are downright dishonest. Many are absolutely honest. How can the average investor determine without additional study whether the advertisement is true or the reverse? He is likely to be further confused because, sooner or later, he is bound to find himself on the mailing list of one or more brokers who issue attractive "Investment Letters." As long as printing is cheap, it will be used by the unscrupulous as well as the scrupulous. The thing to realize is that an investment letter can be no better than the house which publishes it. Before, then, giving credence or even passing attention to such literature one should know something about the author. If one cannot find out anything about the house that publishes the circular, the safest course is to drop it into the waste-basket.

The investor must also always realize

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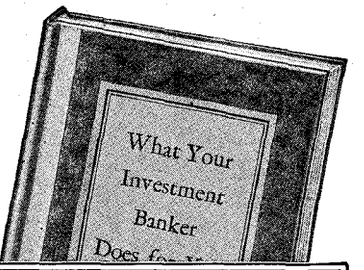

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MOST investors do not find time to search out all the important information concerning a bond issue needed to judge its quality as an investment. They should learn and apply certain fundamental tests of safety; but when all is said and done, the average person's success in investment depends a great deal upon the character of the bond house with which he deals. The rules for selecting a competent house and the many services it is equipped to perform for you are fully explained in the book "What Your Investment Banker Does for You" sent on request.

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that the stock-selling house, like the storekeeper, has goods to sell, and that the temptation is always present to "unload" as rapidly as possible. The first-class house also wants to unload quickly, so as to free its funds for other uses. This is the real economic reason behind the typical "rush" tactics of many a salesman. The house may or may not have investigated carefully the business whose shares it is distributing. If it has taken on an issue of dubious value, the natural selfish impulse is to get rid of it as soon as possible. In fact, if the salesman is impatient, if he tells you that this opportunity will not last long—if he tries, in short, to stampede you into purchasing—the chances are that his commodity is "souring" on his hands.

What I have just said applies to the less desirable houses. These are the houses that flood the mails of teachers, ministers, and business men as well with their glittering opportunities. Just as one bad egg spoils an omelet, so one bad broker spoils the chances of all with the duly suspicious purchaser. The wisest course, therefore, is for the customer to investigate independently of brokers' advice. The honest broker always encourages this step.

So much for general negative warnings.

The basic principle of careful investigation of investments, or, indeed, of anything else, is invariably to get different points of view and different sets of facts.

I can illustrate this from the experience of a friend who has had a remarkably successful career for one who is frankly an amateur. When he has, say, a thousand dollars for investment, he goes to the officers of two different banks and to one or more well-established brokers and discusses his problem with them. In each case he gets a list of investments. When he has three or four lists from these excellent sources, he compares them and purchases only such stocks or bonds as appear on every one of the lists. In this way he secures a consensus of the opinions of experts. This practice, followed consistently for a number of years, has resulted in building up a conservative little estate with the minimum of loss. At least once a year he submits his entire list of holdings in the same fashion, and thus obtains information as to securities which had better be disposed of than retained.

This illustrates the principle which should underlie all investigation of investments, namely, to seek information from reliable sources, and to seek it from more than one such source.

In Massachusetts and New York, for example, the investments of savings banks are prescribed by law, and from time to time lists of such legally approved securities are published. Here is another source of information which it is well to investigate before making a purchase. The fact that the security you have in mind is not on such a list does not necessarily mean that it is bad, and the fact that it is so approved does not mean that something untoward might not happen. But it is a valuable cross-check.

In buying bonds secured by a mortgage to a bank or trust company it is important to know something of that bank, of its standing and of its experience in this kind of work. As it is the function of the trustee to safeguard the interests of the bondholders, the bondholder is naturally interested both in the character of the trustee and in the terms of the trust, a copy of which can usually be obtained or at least read in some office. Here also, as in the case of stocks, one can readily obtain a copy of the annual report or of the financial statement of the company, which will contain, among other things, a list of the officers and directors. All such data are useful in arriving at a judgment as to the earning power and stability of securities.

It is not the object of this article to discuss at length *how* to investigate investments, but to indicate broadly the need for investigation, and, in addition, some of the sources of information which are open at no or at little cost to any one who has the wisdom to avail himself of them. Time and patience are involved, but, irrespective of the sum to be invested, the expenditure of energy is worth while. Money that has been stupidly invested is little better than money thrown away. If investors would keep in mind the central purpose, and would also remember that by the exercise of wits they can secure plenty of reliable information, the annual loss of dollars in the United States would be much less than it is to-day.

The so-called "American rule" defining proper investments for trustees is a good guide for everybody, whether a trustee or otherwise:

"He is to observe how men of prudence, discretion, and intelligence manage their own affairs, not in regard to speculation, but in regard to the permanent disposition of their funds, considering the probable income, as well as the probable safety of the capital to be invested."

Such observation cannot be made hastily. As haste makes waste, so the opposite quality tends toward conservation.

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